

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

## THE FAILURE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN.

*By the Editor.*



THE failure of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, different explanations will be given. The citizens of the Bison Town raised by popular subscription one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and spent it on a fair which has left them with a deficit of three millions. It may be that the illustrated newspaper, the picture-filled magazine, and the trade paper have made the World's Fair a thing of the past. When Chicago exhibited its White City to the admiration of the world, the daily newspaper was illustrated mainly with line cuts, the ten cent magazine was undiscovered, and the trade paper was in its infancy. Now these journals keep the world well posted with regard to inventions and progress.

Or the failure may be due to the fact that the Fair was organized and built in eighteen months—a period which is all too short in which to popular-

ize an idea throughout a continent. From Greenland to Patagonia is a far cry, and the man who would in eighteen months reach all those who live between must travel millions of miles and speak many languages.

Or the failure of the Exposition may be due to the fact that it was one huge advertisement. Every man who had something gaudy to advertise and had money enough to advertise it, went to the Pan, while the large manufacturer with higher ideals stayed at home. The proprietary article which is required in all households was met at every turn. Even the railway engines



CANADIAN BUILDING AT THE PAN



ONTARIO'S MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF FRUIT AT THE PAN

were displayed as advertisements, and not in such a way as to disclose the mechanical progress embodied in the latest types. The Pan was a country fair on a large scale, with the "fakes" enlarged to suit the occasion.

Before describing the most striking features of the Pan-American in detail, it may be well to glance for a moment at Canada's exhibit. One would suppose that when the Canadian authorities decided to have a building there they would proceed to collect for it all the evidences of our industrial, commercial and agricultural progress. They would be expected to write to our bookmakers and publishers for sam-

ples of their books and journals; to the boot and shoe manufacturers for samples of their products; to our cotton, woollen and carpet manufacturers for specimens of their handicraft; to our founders and machinists for examples of our iron and steel products, and so on. But that is just what the Canadian Commissioner did not do, in spite of the fact that all that such a display would have cost would be the transportation there and back. The Canadian building was a neat little home for Canadian visitors, with an exhibit of wheat and a case or two of stuffed animals. Our manufactures and our commerce were unrepresented.

Even Chili, which is far behind us in industrial and commercial progress, had a building and an exhibit such as Canada might have been expected to have. Her building contained boots and shoes, iron ores, electrical machinery, artistic household furnishings, and other evidences of industrial progress. Canada is supposed to be a great furniture manu-





facturing country, but there was little of it in evidence. In the Chili building was a handsome chair, labelled: "Sold to Mr. —, of Toronto." What irony of fate!

The various provinces had some excellent exhibits scattered through the larger buildings, and the provincial Governments are to be congratulated. Ontario's exhibit of fruit, cheese, cattle, sheep, and minerals was excellent, and the Province will certainly be much benefitted commercially.

The idea of the Pan-American was to fittingly illustrate the marvellous development of the Western hemisphere. On the Propylæa was the wish "that the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge good will,

friendship and noble emulation all the dwellers on the continents and islands of the New World." Even the architecture of the building was a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance as a compliment to the Latin-American nations. The idea was admirably conceived, and if all the countries of the New World had been adequately represented, both in exhibits and in attendance, the good accomplished would have been difficult of estimation. It is much to be regretted that the idea was not productive of greater success and more tangible results.

Nevertheless, in spite of failure writ large, the Pan-American must have considerable effect. It will strengthen the relations between American countries. It will influence the work of artists, painters and sculptors. It will influence the industrial and commercial future of the continent. It must raise Buffalo to a higher position among American cities. No one could enter by the Elmwood gate and wander through the Park side of the Exhibition to the Triumphal Causeway with its four Pylons, each



INTERIOR CANADIAN BUILDING AT THE PAN

surmounted by a huge equestrian statue, and each pair connected by festive garlands of shields and coloured flags, past the curved pergolas which connected the Pylons with the Esplanades, and reach the Court of Fountains with its magnificent buildings along each side and the imposing electric tower at the end, without realizing that system had guided genius in creating a magic fairyland. Nature and art were blended into a picture which must remain forever in each educated eye

a scheme of brilliant illuminations. The total height was 389 feet, and the square at the base was  $77\frac{1}{2}$  feet, while the colonnades had an extreme width of 255 feet.

When that tower was about to be illuminated each night, thousands of eyes were turned toward it. The lights about the Court of Fountains, along the Plaza and in the Sunken Gardens faded out. There was a momentary pall of darkness. Then a pale subterranean blue appeared in the water



• TRIUMPHAL • BRIDGE •

which saw it—a picture with an elevating influence.

The focus of the main group of buildings was the electric tower. The other buildings were purposely kept somewhat smaller in scale and less monumental in character in order to give the tower its full value. As this is the age of electricity, it was fitting that the tower should symbolize that feature of modern development. It was designed to afford an opportunity for a lavish display of electric power in the form of a majestic fountain and

niche and suffused the central fountain. It grew stronger. Pale pink began to show in the thousands of bulbs so artistically combined in the four brooches above the water niche. It spread over the tower, along the walks, over the buildings, along the eaves and ridges, steadily growing in strength and intensity. Finally the whole glory of the electric city bursts forth, and the greatest fairyland yet produced in this electric age is seen in all its dazzling, scintillating glory. The dull white and garish colours of the staff buildings,



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the rough finish of the various statues, the cold barrenness of the Plaza are softened and warmed by the touch of an electric angel. The immortal war between man and nature has passed another stage; Niagara has been harnessed to glorify the work which man has produced for his own pleasure and education.

Just after the illumination one evening a visitor heard and records the following dialogue between an elderly

## INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PROPYLÆA

## PANEL I

Here, by the great waters of the north, are brought together the peoples of the two Americas, in exposition of their resources, industries, products, inventions, arts and ideas.

## PANEL II

That the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge, goodwill, friendship and noble emu-



couple: "If we were to live another twenty-five years, what shouldn't we see?" said the man. Her gentle reply was: "You *will* see something like this—the golden city." The scene had elevated her thoughts until the glories of the illuminations merged and vanished in the imaginative glories of the city of her God.

One of the best features of the Pan was the carefully prepared inscriptions on the various buildings. These are worthy of a perusal, and were as follows:

lation all the dwellers on the Continents and Islands of the New World.

## INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE STADIUM

## PANEL I

Not ignoble are the days of peace, not without courage and laureled victories.

## PANEL II

He who fails bravely has not truly failed, but is himself also a conqueror.

## PANEL III

Who shuns the dust and sweat of the contest, on his brow falls not the cool shade of the olive.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE GREAT  
PYLONS OF THE TRIUMPHAL  
CAUSEWAY

(On the Pylons were statues of Courage, Liberty, Tolerance, Truth, Benevolence, Patriotism, Hospitality, and Justice.)



LYRIC MUSIC—A YOUTH INSPIRED BY EROS, THE GOD OF LOVE, IS SINGING TO A MAIDEN.

## PANEL I

The spirit of adventure is the maker of commonwealths.

## PANEL II

Freedom is but the first lesson in self-government.

## PANEL III

Religious tolerance a safeguard of civil liberty.

## PANEL IV

A free state exists only in the virtue of the citizen.

## PANEL V

Who gives wisely builds manhood and the State—who gives himself gives best.

## PANEL VI

To love one's country above all others is not to despise all others.

## PANEL VII

The brotherhood of man—the federation of nations—the peace of the world.

## PANEL VIII

Between nation and nation, as between man and man, lives the one law of right.

## DEDICATORY INSCRIPTIONS

Agriculture Building.

## PANEL I

To the ancient races of America, for whom the New World was the Old, that their love of freedom and of nature, their hardy courage, their monuments, arts, legends and strange songs may not perish from the earth.

## PANEL II

To the scholars and laborious investigators who, in the Old World and the New, guard the lamp of knowledge, and, century by century, increase the safety of life, enlighten the mind and enlarge the spirit of man.

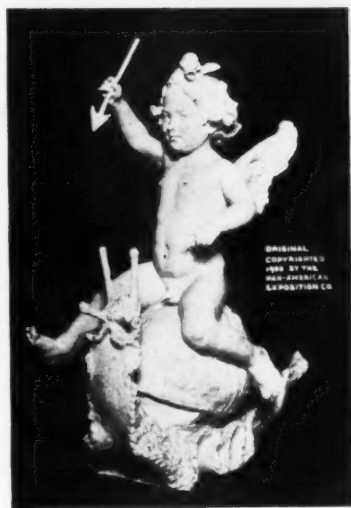
Machinery and Transportation Building

## PANEL I

To the great inventors and far-seeing projectors, to the engineers, manufacturers, agriculturists and merchants who have developed the resources of the New World and multiplied the homes of free-men.

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LOVE RIDING ON A SNAIL

## PANEL II

To those who in the deadly mine, on stormy seas, in the fierce breath of the furnace and in all perilous places working ceaselessly bring to their fellow men comfort, sustenance and the grace of life.

Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building

## PANEL I

To the explorers and pioneers who blazed the westward path of civilization, to the soldiers and sailors who fought for freedom and for peace, and to the civic heroes who save a priceless heritage.

## PANEL II

To the prophets and heroes, to the mighty poets and divine artists, and to all the lightbearers of the ancient world who inspired our forefathers and shall lead and enlighten our children's children.

Electricity Building

## PANEL I

To those painters, sculptors and architects, tellers of tales, poets and creators of music, to those actors and musicians who, in the New

World, have cherished and increased the love of beauty.

## PANEL II

To the statesmen, philosophers, teachers and preachers, and to all those who, in the New World, have upheld the ideals of liberty and justice, and have been faithful to the things that are eternal.

The Pan differed from the Columbian Exposition most markedly in the use of colour in the buildings instead of a pure white city. The whole colour scheme was worked out under the direction of Mr. C. Y. Turner, who was chosen by the U.S. National Society of Mural Painters. The Triumphal Causeway, where the visitor passed from the Park side of the grounds to the Exhibition side, was treated in strong primary colours, suggesting the earliest state of man on



STANDARD-BEARER—PLACED ON EACH OF THE FOUR PYLONS OF THE TRIUMPHAL CAUSEWAY. HEIGHT OF HORSE, 33 FEET



THE SUNKEN GARDEN BETWEEN THE ELECTRICITY AND THE MACHINERY BUILDINGS

one side and primitive nature on the other. As he advanced up the court into the Exposition, the colours were more refined and gayer, reaching a climax at the tower, which was the lightest and brightest. Thus, for the first time, a general scheme of colour was undertaken and carried out for an exposition. Mr. Turner has thus described his work :—

“The Horticultural group has orange as a basis for the colour of the body of the building. On the Government Building a warm yellow is used for the plain surfaces. For the Music Hall, I have used red, quite pure, as the foundation colour. On the Ethnology Building, golden orange. On the Machinery and Transportation Building, green as the basis. Opposite it, across the Court, the Liberal Arts Building is a warm gray colour. The Electricity and Agricultural Buildings are different shades of light yellow, while the Res-

taurant and entrances to the Stadium have a French gray as the basis, with a lighter shade of the same tint on the Propylæa. For the Electric Tower I reserved a light ivory. The buildings of the Sunken Gardens are of a darker shade of ivory. In the Horticultural group I have used blue and white largely in the ornamental portions of the panels, pilasters, spandrils, etc., relieved now and again by brighter shades of rose and deep yellow. The Government Buildings have a mild gray for the structural portions to relieve the yellow, and in this building, where it is possible, the green note is introduced in the sashes and doors; blue on the dome, and gold on the smaller domes. Blue-green is on the dome of the Temple of Music, and is repeated again on the Ethnology Building. On the Machinery and Transportation Building, red, yellow, and green are introduced in the great door-

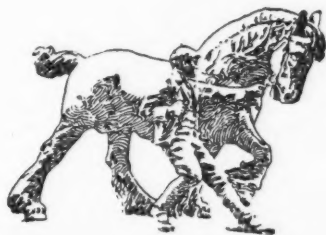
ways and corner pavilions, and also are distributed through the towers, while blue and gold play a large part in the detail work of the Liberal Arts Building, especially on the ceilings of the colonnades and east and west entrances, and in the great pediments of the north and south entrances. The yellow of the Electricity Building is relieved by gray trimmings and green doorways which are elaborately enriched in their ornament by delicate shades of the prevailing tones used throughout the Exposition. The Agricultural Building is warmer, and there are blue, yellow and ivory, and stronger notes of red and green in the entrances. The Restaurants are ivory and French gray. The sashes and doors are painted green, and the minarets and pinnacles are tipped with gold. The Propylæan which curves across the north end of the grounds has a wide open arcade, the panels of which are enriched with brilliant red where white statues are placed, while the panels above are a bright yellow. The ceilings are blue, and the trellis above is made a strong violet hue. Violet occurs again at the entrances from the Railway Station through the great Arch. The Railway Transportation Building is in a French gray with green roof and ivory and gold trimmings, while the Stadium, one of the most imposing buildings of the Exposition, will be a light ivory-gray, with pale blue-green sashes and doors. The Tower, as I have said before, is a very light ivory, and is enriched in the capitols, brackets, finials, stars, pinnacles, etc., with gold, and is crowned with a gilded figure of the Goddess of Light.



TOWERS OF  
MACHINERY  
& TRANSPORTATION  
BUILDING

The panels have the brightest fresh blue-green we could make, and is intended to suggest the water as it curves over the crest at Niagara."

The Pan was a failure, and yet a glorious failure. The men who were connected with it, and of whose genius it was the result, have some things to regret, much to remember, and some pleasant memories to retain. If Canada ever has a national exposition, the lessons of the Pan will be useful. Not too much haste, not too much expenditure without justification, a greater permanency in building and decoration, more attention to exhibits which educate and interest, a greater attention to the processes which underlie modern development, and less freedom to the fakir, the hawker and the advertiser.





# The Yukon River Tragedy

By Henry J. Woodside



CHRISTMAS DAY, 1899, is the date of one of the greatest tragedies known to Canadian history, and the Yukon River was the scene of a most deliberate and cold-blooded crime. It occurred in a wild, sparsely-settled mining country, in the shade of the Arctic circle, at a point on the Yukon known as Pork Trail, which is near Fort Selkirk. This Fort is 175 miles south of Dawson, and 200 miles north of Whitehorse which is the terminus of the railway from the Lynn Canal to the Yukon River. The tragedy happened about half way between Whitehorse and Dawson at a time when the only communication between these two points was a lone telegraph wire and a long stretch of snow and ice.

The winter of 1899 came early, and many scows loaded with supplies, meat or machinery for Dawson and the Klondike Mines, had been stranded on bars or caught by the early ice to-

ward the end of October. The steamers had ceased running, so that most of these goods were placed on safe ground and "cached" or surrounded by log walls and covered by tarpaulins to keep off the snow. A watchman was in most cases placed in charge, but in some cases the cache was placed in charge of the nearest detachment of North-West Mounted Police. These detachments of two or three men are scattered along the trail at intervals of about thirty miles, and patrol to and fro between their posts. These caches were a temptation to the few loose fish who might be on the trail, and considerable stealing was done from them.

At intervals of from five to fifteen miles along the whole winter road are scattered comfortable roadhouses built of logs. At intervals along the bank of the river are scattered the camps or cabins of the woodchoppers cutting wood for the use of the steamers during the season of open navigation.

Minto roadhouse is twenty-four miles south of Fort Selkirk, and Hutchi-ku post, N.W.M.P., is about fifteen miles farther south of Minto. When the river closed up in November, a Mr. Powell and party began to sled freshly killed pork from his scows at Lake Laberge down the river toward Selkirk and Dawson.



THE MYSTERIOUS CAMP

## THE YUKON RIVER TRAGEDY

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Between Hutchi-ku and Minto he found an open place in the river and was obliged to abandon the ice for three miles and cut a trail overland. This trail was called the "Pork Trail," and in places ran close to the Dominion Government telegraph line between Whitehorse and Dawson.

On Christmas Day, 1899, three men, Clayson, Relfe and Olsen, started about 8 o'clock, a.m., from Captain Fussel's roadhouse at Minto, to go to Mackay's roadhouse, some miles past Hutchi-ku. Clayson was pushing a bicycle which he had ridden from Dawson nearly to Selkirk, and had broken the treadle. Bicycles are much used on the hard snow trails in Yukon. Clayson and Relfe had come from Dawson. Olsen was the line repairer for that section of the Government telegraph line. He was expected to have his dinner of roast turkey by invitation with Corporal "Paddy" Ryan in command of the detachment at Hutchi-ku. None of the three men were ever seen again alive. When the mail convey reached Minto about 2 p.m., coming down from Mackay's, they had not met the travellers, much to Capt. Fussel's surprise.

Olsen's non-arrival for dinner surprised Corp. Ryan, and after a couple of days made him quite uneasy. Fearing that the repairer had fallen from a pole and injured himself, Ryan determined to search for him. It was customary but not imperative that a policeman should accompany the lineman, in case of accident. In his search for Olsen on the 31st December, Ryan traversed the Pork Trail. About midway along it he noticed a trail leading off over the flats toward the hills. Connecting this trail with certain disappearances from caches on the river, he followed it six hundred yards, and found a camp composed of low log walls covered with a canvas roof, the whole about eight feet square. It had evidently been occupied by two men, considering the double bunk and outfit of dishes for two. He noticed a rifle in a case suspended from the ridge pole.

He reported his discovery at the

post that night, and learned that it was thought that two other men had disappeared from the trail. A watch was set on the tent, but no occupant appeared. A further search in it revealed a small pile of canned goods marked "McKay Bros., Dawson," evidently taken from a cache on the river near the northern end of the Pork Trail. The Winchester rifle was found to be 40-82 calibre. A bag of ammunition for it was found, and also a pair of pincers or telegraph pliers, a file and a knife. These were afterwards identified as being the property of Olsen.

And now began a search which lasted for months. News of the mysterious disappearance of Clayson and his companions was wired to his brother at Skagway, on the Lynn Canal, and in February, McGuire, a United States detective of note, arrived to assist the police. Inspector Scarth, a clever young officer of the N.W.M.P., who has since received a captaincy in the South African Constabulary, was sent from Dawson to take charge of the search. It was prosecuted most actively during the months of March and April. Day after day the searchers crept around on their hands and knees sifting the fine snow between their fingers around the deserted tent, and along a new hidden trail near the



CLAYSON AND HIS BICYCLE

river bank, where evidence of shooting had been found.

The ashes of the sheet iron stove were found to contain moccasin eyelets and buttons. Among the ashes of a bonfire outside the tent were found charred pieces of clothing and iron buttons. Around this fire in a semi-circle at various distances, as if a man had stood and thrown them, were found buckles, keys of safe drawers, an oil bottle, pieces of an electric belt, and a pearl-handled penknife. The buckles were found among the brush of a windfall forty yards from the fire. The oil bottle and electric belt were identified as the property of Olsen.

tion to a lookout point, and in the other to the top of a cut bank forty feet high, where there was an open place in the river into which tell-tale objects could be thrown. The people who had occupied the now deserted hut had cut down some trees at the "lookout" so that they were able to command a good view of the river. They could mark the coming of any person from Dawson and note whether he branched off on the Pork Trail or came along the ice. In either case he had to pass close to one of the branches of the concealed trails which connected the lookout, the cut bank at the river and the hut.



THE LOOK-OUT—THE TREES WERE CUT DOWN HERE BY THOSE WHO LIVED IN THE MYSTERIOUS CAMP IN ORDER TO GET A CLEAR VIEW OF THE YUKON RIVER

The pearl-handled knife and safe drawer keys were easily proved to be the property of Clayson. One of these little articles was found in the tangled grass of a "nigger head" or lump of earth. Most of the articles were found when the snow was going off in the spring.

In the meantime the detectives had discovered a system of trails cleverly marked so as to attract no attention from any one except those using them. One led back from the river bank at a point where the ice trail ran within thirty feet of it, to other intersecting trails, leading in one direc-

It seemed quite clear that people with evil intent had camped there and had waited for victims. Three men had disappeared. Were they victims of those who had lived at that now deserted hut? The articles found around the hut clearly indicated that the clothing of the missing men or some one of them had been buried there.

But it was on the short trail running back from the low bank of the river that the most gruesome finds were made. Here under the upper snow there were pools of frozen blood. If the three men were murdered there,

why had they left the river ice? Were they compelled at the point of a rifle to leave the safe and open trail? Bullets were found in the trees; empty shells were picked up in the snow; a receipt in the name of Olsen for a meal at Minto was discovered; and numerous other articles and evidences of the tragedy or calamity which had marred that Christmas Day.

What had become of the bodies of these men if they had been murdered? Evidence pointed to their having been dragged to the cut bank and thrown down on to the river ice. Was the ice cut and were the bodies forced down into the cold waters? It was the only explanation. Some shallow places in the river were uncovered but no lodged bodies were found. A water glass was used without result.

During the month of June, or a few weeks after the ice had gone from the river, the Yukon yielded up her dead. They were found one after the other at different places below Minto, in shallows and on gravel bars. The cold water had preserved them remarkably well, and the friends of the murdered men were able to easily identify them. Clayson and Relfe were found to have been shot through the breast and head. Olsen was shot through the head and had his



TOP OF THE CUT BANK ABOVE THE RIVER

skull crushed. His body was the last recovered and the face was disfigured. He was identified by the formation of his teeth, and the fact that he never had more than fourteen teeth in each jaw, instead of the regulation number, sixteen, a fact he had discussed with a policeman.

The arms of each as well as their sweaters or knitted shirts were turned up over their heads, showing that their clothing had been carefully rifled by the ghouls. The clothing on the men were identified, particularly a pair of



THE CUT BANK ON THE YUKON

cavalry trousers that Relfe wore. The broken bicycle is possibly at the bottom of the river. No doubt the confederates drew the bodies from the slaughter trail to the open space after night, and threw them into the water. The extra clothing carried by their victims was drawn to the tent, and after being carefully searched and the lining ripped open, was burned at the bonfire outside.

Three men had been murdered. Who were the murderers? In November and December two men had been seen singly or together, and at different times on the trail south of Fort Selkirk. Mr. Powell, who cut the Pork Trail had seen one of them, and two of his men had visited the cabin and seen the two men. A policeman had also visited them. A Mr. and Mrs. Prather, going down from Dawson to Whitehorse, had travelled over the Pork Trail by mistake on December 27th. They were confused and not sure whether they were on the right trail. They met a man who was also lost, so he said. This man travelled with them for some days, and though pretending to be poor, Mrs. Prather saw him by the light of a lamp counting a large roll of bank notes while sitting in his sleeping-bunk.

Later, this same man, with his yellow dog, turns up at Whitehorse with a team of horses and a pair of bob-sleighs. He wants to engage in freight business, but is refused permission by the superintendent of the railway who controls the only road. He then starts off for Tagish. One night he gets permission to stable his horses in an unfinished police stable. The robe on his sleigh attracts the attention of the police, to whom he was known as "O'Brien," and by order of Major Wood he is placed under surveillance until Dawson is communicated with, and his story of its issue to him is confirmed by wire. But the name is familiar at police headquarters, and a few hours later a telegram comes to Tagish that O'Brien is wanted on a charge of steal-

ing. That will hold him for the present.

In the meantime the individual has gone back to the Indian roadhouse with a damsel called "Dawson Jenny," and prepares to spend the evening at her cabin. When the dogs announce the coming of some one he asks Jenny to blow out the candle, as it attracts the attention of the dogs. The two policemen pass by to the roadhouse, and then return to the cabin, which they enter, after taking the precaution of getting one of Jenny's Indian friends to tell her to open the door, so that O'Brien will not understand. They find O'Brien sitting behind the stove, arrest him and take him back to the post.

When he and his effects are searched, a considerable list of articles are found in his possession. Among them are a 30-30 calibre Winchester rifle, two 41 calibre Colts revolvers, and plenty of ammunition for the same. On his person was found a pair of silk gloves. The money found on him only amounted to fifty dollars. It was during a later search of his effects, after McGuire's arrival, that the heel pads on his German socks were ripped off, and, underneath them two \$100 bank-notes were found.

The prisoner, to account for the money, claimed that it was part of one thousand dollars sent in, or returned to him by a brother on the outside. He also admitted having taken some goods from caches. He was taken under strong guard to Fort Selkirk, where, after a preliminary hearing on the charge of stealing, he was sent on to Dawson.

Was O'Brien the murderer of the three men, and where was his companion known as Graves? George O'Brien was born in England, and served a sentence there for murder. Nothing more of him is known until he made proposals at Juneau to a miner to go into the highway business in Yukon. He was a short, jaunty, dark-complexioned man, and nervy, in the sense that he did not appear to have any nerves. He was always ready to use a firearm. He was given



a term in jail in Dawson for stealing in 1898, broke jail during that winter, and was recaptured a little below Dawson, after having tried to use his rifle; was given six months extra for jail-breaking, and being released in September, 1899, went up the river. Graves, his companion in crime, had been a fireman on one of the numerous river steamers, and was a small, sandy-complexioned man with freckled face. Graves was never seen after O'Brien started up the river from the scene of the Christmas tragedy. He may have gone down the river into Alaska, but no trace of him has ever been found. Detectives who visited Alaskan camps since could not find him, though some people have thought that they had passed him and his black dog on the trails.

During the long interval between O'Brien's arrest and trial he was held first on the charge of stealing, and later, on the charge of murder, being up for examination several times. But neither he nor the public learned any of the proofs in the possession of the police except some that developed at the inquest on the bodies, until the guilty man was confronted with a mass of evidence of which he never dreamed. Dawson has three live daily newspapers, but the police and the crown prosecutor kept their peace well, and the success of the case is largely due to that. Nothing of all the circumstantial evidence already outlined in this article was reported until the trial.

O'Brien made little or no effort to hasten the trial. He thought no doubt that time was in his favour, as it would be almost impossible to have the wit-

nesses kept together or available, and that was the difficulty the prosecution laboured under. Witnesses were averse to be bound over for an indefinite period. Mr. Prather had business at Nome, and went down the river in a small boat, but Mrs. Prather was not so fortunate. She had taken her passage on one of the lower river steamers. The police became aware of it and she was taken off under a formal summons as a witness. She was kept in Dawson during the summer, and on her giving her word of honour to return when required she was allowed to spend the winter in her California



POLICEMAN SEARCHING ALONG THE TRAILS AND AMONG THE  
"BLAZED" TREES

home. She proved to be a valuable witness for the crown.

The trial opened on the 10th of June, 1901, and lasted for twelve days. In Yukon Territory only six jurors are necessary to try a case. An excellent jury, representing by birth, Canada, Australia and the mother country, was selected in a couple of hours. Mr. Justice Dugas, chief justice of Yukon Territory, and a Montreal jurist of repute, presided over the court. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Bleeker. Mr. Fred C. Wade acted for the crown. The prisoner was in charge of Sheriff Eilbeck and of the N.W.M. Police.



THE PRISONER O'BRIEN AS HE APPEARED AT FORT  
SELKIRK

The case attracted wide interest. Unfortunately the new court house at Dawson was not completed, and the old log one was jammed to suffocation, while the open windows were filled with listening heads. The proceedings were conducted with the quiet but impressive dignity of a British court of law. The prisoner, although believed to have committed an atrocious crime was given a fair trial, and the benefit of the doubt when doubtful evidence was concerned.

There were nearly one hundred and fifty exhibits arranged on a table, which looked like a combined museum and arsenal. The prisoner was always under the eye of two red-coated policemen, armed and ready. Some seventy witnesses had been gathered, but as the court sustained

the objection of the prisoner's counsel against his being tried for all three murders at once, only half of them were available, or those who could give testimony

regarding Relfe, whose death was selected by the crown as the basis of the prosecution. As the three travelled together the day of the murder, and were presumed to be murdered together, it followed that most of the circumstantial evidence collected by the crown was used.

"Kid West," a young burglar serving a five year sentence in the Washington State Penitentiary, was the most interesting witness. He was



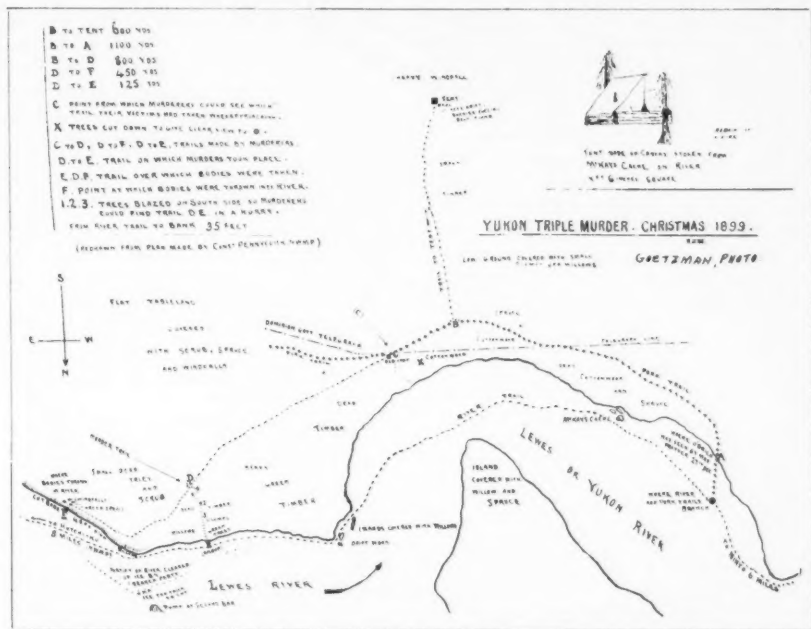
DAWSON'S OLD COURT HOUSE AT THE TRIAL—NEW COURT  
HOUSE BEYOND

## THE YUKON RIVER TRAGEDY

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loaned by the Washington authorities, from which state Clayson hailed, to the Canadian authorities. He had served a sentence in Dawson for stealing during the winter of 1898-99, and had met and talked with O'Brien while there. O'Brien made a proposition to him to establish on the winter trail when they got out, hold up people and throw their bodies into the river. West was opposed to murdering people as he held

not quick enough. While the policemen were turning his sled around, one of them cut a gash in his hand on a sliver projecting from the handle of the axe. The sliver was cut out later, and the scar on the handle remained. When O'Brien was liberated, the axe and the sheet iron stove, which was afterwards found in the tent, were returned to him. When the confederates were perfecting their lookout place near Pork Trail,



MAP OF SCENE OF THE YUKON RIVER TRAGEDY

that, if discovered, it jeopardized the burglar and highway profession.

Among the exhibits a double-bitted axe was the chief. It was found under the snow near the tent. It was recognized by the police as the property of O'Brien. When he escaped from jail in 1898, he was recaptured just below Dawson by two policemen. O'Brien was sitting on his sled, with his rifle across his knee. The police, in civilian clothes, passed him, then turned suddenly and sprang on him. O'Brien made an effort to use his rifle but was

they cut down twenty-seven trees to get a good view, and the stumps of many of these trees were sawn off and shown in court. The nicks in the blade of the old axe could be readily fitted to marks on the stumps, and the work too was the work of amateur choppers like the pair.

It was proved the crown of a tooth found in the snow under one of the blood patches fitted on the top of a tooth taken from Relfe's recovered body—the deadly bullet had broken it off. It was shown that two trees

standing close to the camp had been used to chain up two dogs. Big yellow dog hairs were found under one and O'Brien's yellow canine companion was proved to be the owner. The detectives had taken the dog near the site and bidden him sharply to go home. The experiment worked well, the dog being found later lying under this particular tree, where he desired to remain. Capt. Fussel, in charge of the nearest roadhouse, testified to having seen smoke from the cabin on December 26th. Splinters of skulls were found near the places where the men had been shot. Combs, cigars, pocket pieces, gloves, rifles, pliers and bullets, all added their testimony.

The combined circumstantial evidence went to show that after sighting the approaching party from the lookout, and having got into place on the short trail, one of the murderers remained concealed, while the other, presumably Graves, went down on the river trail and compelled the three at the point of his rifle to climb the bank. Then one of the party had given the word to run for it, or else the murderers opened fire because the unfortunate men started to scatter in different directions. But their flight was short. Graves, standing midway up the low bank, put a bullet from his 40-82 Winchester through Clayson's body before he got twenty feet from the edge of the bank, on the right side of the trail, as he ran for a thicket. It was known that Graves stood midway up the bank, because an empty shell from his rifle was found where he stood, and the trace of his bullet was found in a tree

nine feet from the ground some distance beyond and in line with the spot where Clayson fell. Experiments with a rifle and target proved the fact.

Relfe got about forty feet away on the opposite side of the trail when he fell with a bullet through his heart.

Olsen, a powerful Swede, was evidently met by O'Brien, who used his revolver on him without effect at first. Eventually he was shot or beaten down, as he had a bullet wound through his head, which was terribly crushed, and the skull fractured. Several of his ribs were also broken.

To make sure of their work, Relfe and Clayson were shot through the head as they lay on the ground.

Constable Pennycuik, the able N.W.M.P. detective, had drawn a set of plans of the river and trails, and the location of the finds, that were much praised for their clearness. Corporal Ryan, a clever amateur photographer, made a set of views of the locality. By means of these and the accompanying directions, the judge and jury understood the locality as if they had been over it.

After all the evidence was in for the crown, the defence did not offer any in rebuttal. After the addresses by the counsels, and the judge's charge, the jury spent two hours in carefully going over the evidence, and then brought in a verdict of "Guilty." O'Brien did not apparently manifest any concern then, nor when the judge sentenced him to be hanged on the 23rd August, 1901. His real name is not known, and he is believed to be a Cornishman.



## Christmas Games in French Canada

By J. Macdonald Oxley



NO people enter with keener zest into their social enjoyments than do the light-hearted folk of French Canada, and as may be readily supposed the special season for such innocent gaiety is the Christmastide when they celebrate Noël with a joyous fervour not to be outdone elsewhere.

For the merry meetings that then while away the long winter evenings, besides the lively dance, or the more sedate game of cards, they have a number of games which they play with great vivacity, and from which they derive abundant amusement.

### LA GEOGRAPHIE.

Thus there is "La Geographie" whereof the manner of playing is as follows:

Each player has paper and pencil, and all take seats in a row, or better still, in a semi-circle. The head of the line then calls out, say, "Countries—Asia," and at once writes "Asia" at the top of his paper, the other players imitating his example. The player next to him must then before ten is slowly counted call out the name of another country whose initial letter is the same as the final letter of "Asia." Suppose he or she calls out "America." Very good; "America" is jotted down, and now the third player has to call out a country whose name begins with A. After some thinking "Africa" suggests itself. All right; down goes "Africa," and still the demand is for a country beginning with A. But the fourth player introduces variety by calling out "Afghanistan," so that number five has to seek a country

beginning with N. Happily "Norway" soon comes into the mind, although it leaves an awkward nut for number six to crack.

Thus the game proceeds, the penalty for failure to supply a name or town being whatever may be agreed upon—a forfeit, being sent down to the foot, etc. Cities, rivers, mountains, etc., may be treated in the same way, or if the players find it too difficult to confine themselves to one geographical feature the whole field of geography may be thrown open, the only requirement being that each new name should begin with the last letter of the preceding one.

### LA MAIN CHAUDE.

Of a more lively kind is "La Main Chaudé"—the warm hand—a suggestive title, whose complete appropriateness will appear from the following description:

One of the players takes his seat in a chair. Another is blindfolded, and, either kneeling down before the sitter or simply bending forward, as he may prefer, rests his head on the other's knee. Behind his back, with palm outstretched, he holds his right hand. The game is now ready to begin.

The other players range themselves round the blindfolded one whose palm lies so temptingly open, and in turn give his hand a smart slap with theirs. It is the business of the unfortunate wight thus being slapped to guess who strikes him, the sitter determining the accuracy of the guess, and the instant he guesses correctly, the person whom he has thus found out takes his place, and the game proceeds.

When not too roughly played a great deal of fun may be had out of "La Main Chaudé," but of course such undue violence must be guarded against as is illustrated in the famous French picture which represents a lot of monks diverting themselves with



this lively game. The blindfolded victim is evidently a novice, and a great coarse monk with a cruel grin upon his bloated countenance is just about to smite the extended hand with his heavy wooden sabot, while a gentle-faced brother is lifting his hand in shocked protest. It is a powerful picture, and a good lesson against cruelty in itself.

#### THE GIRLS' GRAND LODGE.

Not without its spice of malice, and yet after all harmless enough in its way, is "The Girls' Grand Lodge of Oddfellows."

In this the girls take entire possession of the parlour, placing a guard at the door to prevent any male intruder from surreptitiously effecting an entrance. The boys are then permitted to offer themselves one at a time in the alphabetical order of their names for initiation into the lodge. Let us suppose that Arthur Anderson is the first candidate. On being admitted into the mysterious parlour he finds the girls standing in a semi-circle at the farther end of the room with the piano stool in front of them. There is an inside guard, who conducts the candidate to this stool, and, seating him thereon, proceeds to blindfold him with one large handkerchief, and to tie his hands behind his back with another. She then announces that one of the smiling semi-circle, taking advantage of his helpless condition, will venture to testify her regard for him by kissing him upon the cheek, and if he is able to guess which one of them it is he has the privilege of returning the salute.

Of course so tempting an inducement is quite sufficient to cause the candidate to sit as still as a statue, with pulses throbbing expectantly, and ears attent for the approach of the ruby lips toward his cheek. There is much suppressed giggling and then amid a rustling of skirts, which however, betrays nothing, a soft warm kiss is gently but firmly planted on the candidate's cheek.

The next moment the bandage is removed from his eyes, and he eagerly

wheels around—to find the girls standing precisely as they were before, and doing their best to control their merriment. Three guesses are allowed him by the guard as to the identity of the one who gave him the kiss. He does his best, but without success, and is told to take his stand at the other end of the room, and see how succeeding candidates fare.

Bob Burns is next admitted. He is seated, blindfolded, handcuffed, and given the same directions as his predecessor. Then to Anderson's mingled amazement and chagrin the secret is revealed. Out from behind the row of laughing young ladies appears a *little boy*, who under cover of their giggling and rustling creeps up to the unsuspecting candidate, and gives him the kiss which he fondly imagines comes from feminine lips. And thus candidate No. 1 finds consolation in the fooling of candidate No. 2, and the fun proceeds until all the boys have been initiated.

#### SCHOOL TEACHER.

In the game called the "School Teacher" there is larger field for the exercise of one's wits, and if properly played it is very bright and entertaining. The players seat themselves in a semi-circle, with the exception of one who is the Teacher. They are numbered from the top down to the bottom, and each one must be careful to remember his or her number. The Teacher then standing before them so that all may hear distinctly says something like the following: "This morning shortly after school opened, No. 3 reported to me that No. 5 has pinched her." On this accusation being announced No. 5 should at once jump up and say: "Not I, Sir" (or Ma'am) as the case may be. "Oh! yes it was *you*," retorts the Teacher. Whereupon No. 5 should immediately reply: "No, Sir, Not I, Sir—No. 6," or any other number of a player. Then No. 6 has to reply exactly as No. 5 has done, using the precise words each time, or in default thereof being compelled to change places with the Teacher, who

takes the lowest chair while all who were below the one who missed move up one chair, and of course at the same time take a higher number.

Only the words stated, viz: "Not *I*, Sir" and "No, Sir, Not *I*, Sir—No. —" can be given in reply to the accusation (which by the way should always relate in some way to school doings) the slightest deviation being punishable by having to exchange with the Teacher.

It is of course the ambition of each player to work up to No. 1, and it consequently happens that Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are the most frequently assailed, while the lower numbers are simply spectators, but there is plenty of fun for all if the game is smartly played, and it should always be the object of the Teacher for the time being to make the accusation as mirth-provoking as possible.

#### LAWYER.

A still livelier and perhaps somewhat more difficult game is called the "Lawyer," and this is the fashion of it:

The players are seated in two rows *vis à vis* with the exception of the one who enacts the part of Lawyer, and he (or she) walks up and down the middle, eyeing the others critically in order to select a good subject for cross-examination. Suddenly he fires a question at

one of the players, and then the *vis à vis* of the person thus attacked must at once make some sort of a relevant reply. This response may be as ridiculous or as serious as the framer of it sees fit, but it should have a perceptible connection with the question, and it cannot be merely "Yes" or "No."

If the player questioned attempts to answer, or the *vis à vis* hesitates unduly, the player, or the *vis à vis* exchanges places with the Lawyer, who is then released from further cross-examining, which duty has to be assumed by the other.

This is a game that calls for presence of mind, and alertness of wits in an especial degree, and only requires that the players should give their whole attention to it to be made highly enjoyable. Personal questions of an annoying character are of course debarred. By bearing in mind that the answer has to be given by the *vis à vis* and not the player addressed, the Lawyer may often by a sly question add an extra spice to the merriment.

The foregoing games, being free from all objectionable features, may be commended to the attention of hostesses who hold scruples against cards and dancing. They will be glad to find in these simple French-Canadian games the means of entertaining their guests in a spirited and pleasing way.



#### THALIA.

THE glory of the night was in thine eye,  
And thou wert fair beyond my wildest dream ;  
Strayed round thy brow the full moon's mystic beam ;  
An echo found the soft wind in thy sigh.  
Did'st thou not hear my spirit's longing cry?  
Nor see within my heart the love-lights gleam ?  
Ah, thou did'st see ! And seeing did'st but deem  
My heart's out-cryings vain, that were so high.  
Lonely the way and far the shadowed goal—  
No helping hand to ease me of my woe :  
Gone is the warmth of love from out my soul ;  
The blood within my heart is beating slow—  
For all the road is weariness and dole  
To such as on life's journey loveless go.

F. W. Erol.



## A CHRISTMAS ODE.\*

(From the German of Friedrich Rückert.)

IN Bethlehem the Lord was born  
 Whose birth has brought us life and light,  
 On Calvary that death of scorn  
 He died, that broke Death's cruel might :  
 I wandered from a western strand  
 And sought through many an Eastern land,  
 Yet found I greater nought than ye,  
 O Bethlehem and Calvary !

Ye wonders of the ancient world,  
 How hath your pomp been swept away,  
 And earthly strength to ruin hurled  
 By power that knows not of decay !  
 I saw them scattered far and wide,  
 The ruined heaps on every side ;  
 But lowly glory still I see  
 Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb  
 Wherein did toiling mortals build  
 Death's utter darkness ; 'tis His gloom,  
 Not peace, wherewith your depths are filled.  
 Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old  
 Could Life's engima ne'er unfold ;  
 'Tis solved for ages yet to be  
 In Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Syria's earthly Paradise,  
 Fair Schiraz' gardens of the rose,  
 Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,  
 Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,  
 Death stalks through all that looks so fair,  
 I trace his shadow everywhere ;  
 Look up, and Life's true Fountain see  
 In Bethlehem and Calvary !

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,  
 Against which half the world to-day  
 Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne  
 Lit by Thy Crescent's pallid ray ;

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The moon before the sun must pale,  
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,  
Of Him whose cry of victory  
Is Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Thou, who didst not once disdain  
The childish form, the Manger poor ;  
Who once to take from us our pain  
All pain didst on the Cross endure ;  
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,  
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,  
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

The Kings approach, to worship there  
The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd race ;  
And thitherwards the nations fare  
As pilgrims to the Holy Place ;  
The storm of warfare on them breaks,  
The World but not the Cross it shakes,  
When East and West in strife ye see  
For Bethlehem and Calvary !

O not like those, with weaponed hand,  
But with the Spirit let us go  
To conquer back the Holy Land,  
As Christ is conquering still below ;  
Let beams of light on ev'ry side  
Speed as Apostles far and wide,  
Till all the Earth draws light from thee,  
O Bethlehem, O Calvary !

With pilgrim hat and staff I went  
Afar through Orient lands to roam,  
My years of pilgrimage are spent,  
And this the word I bring you home ;  
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave  
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,  
But seek within you, there shall be  
His Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Heart, what helps it to adore  
His Cradle where the sunrise glows ?  
Or what avail to kneel before  
The Grave whence long ago He rose ?  
That He should find in thee a birth,  
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth  
And live to Him ;—this, this must be  
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary !





## A Visit to Westminster

By Albert R. Carman

THREE years' service in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa has given to my too few visits to the historic House at Westminster the added interest of comparison. This game of comparison began at once—and not too pleasantly—when the Canadian Commissioner's office met my modest request for a ticket which would give me daily access to the galleries of the House with an astonished—

"Absolutely impossible, my dear fellow; absolutely impossible!"

Then I learned that the "one visitor, one ticket" principle usually obtained; but that in my case, I being a "newspaper chap," they would try to get three or four tickets for me during my stay in London. And two days later there came four tickets for four successive days to the gallery of the Commons and one for a place "below the Bar" in the Lords. We are hardly so exclusive at Ottawa; but at Ottawa the relations of the supply of space and the demand for it are far different. Here is a Commons sitting in a chamber into which all of its members could not possibly get at one time, and with only one small gallery for the accommodation of "the public" of an Em-

pire—and, in the tourist season, of a Republic. They run a railing across it midway, so that they may pretend to have two galleries; but one of the end galleries at Ottawa would hold at least as many people as both together.

To get into the gallery you pass five policemen, two officials, and one turnstile, and, at the turnstile, you sign your name. But you may carry in your umbrella and your overcoat—something you may not do at Paris or Vienna. The Continental Houses are said to be nervous about Anarchists, and so exclude coats, under which a bomb might be concealed. The British Government has apparently no such fear, or, possibly, the Ministers reason that a bomb from the public gallery would probably fall "below the gangway," among the Radicals or the Irish Nationalists, or their own young Tory "Hooligans." The authorities, at all events, are not to be intimidated by any such contingency. I must hasten to explain that "Hooligan" is not used here as an epithet, but that it is the recognized title of the active group of young Conservatives who sit "below the gangway," and are a great source of discomfort to the Ministry. Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., is perhaps the "Hooligan" best known in Canada.

As the Canadian enters the gallery and sits down, the first thing that strikes him is the smallness of the chamber—then its richness. He is in a large board room rather than a Hall of Parliament; but a board room that oak panelling and Gothic ornamentation and stained glass have crowded to the last recess with a beauty that is jewel-like in its minute wealth, and never florid. Below, the long, leather upholstered benches march down the chamber, with never a desk in front of



them for papers or blue books; and just now, when we have entered at the opening of the sitting, they are largely empty, for the Speaker is running through the preliminary business. The Speaker wears a wig which a lady has likened to a "fascinator" with both ends loose; and two clerks sit in front of him with curled wigs. But this is the total of formality, so far as the man in the members' gallery can see. For the members have not quite forgotten the ancient similarity of the House of Commons to a club, and we shall presently see the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour leading the House by sitting on the small of his back, with his head quite below the top of his bench and his left foot on the edge of the clerks' table. Opposite him will recline Sir William Harcourt, in an attitude he might assume in a barber's chair and his hands comfortably folded over what is generally regarded as an aldermanic qualification. The "front benches" of both parties usually take advantage of the ampler floor space at their feet to make as easy as possible "the seats of the mighty." Mr. Chamberlain did not stay in the House long enough at a time during my four days to enable me to learn much of his waiting attitude, but he is a brisker and more alert "sitter" than most of his colleagues, and rivals the Speaker in the lightning quickness of his interventions. It is never necessary for him to waste a second in waking up.

The quickness of Mr. Speaker Gully is at first a surprise, and always a challenge to your admiration. He is in this respect such a Speaker as the late D'Alton McCarthy would have made. Smooth-faced, firm-lipped, a little cherubic in effect from the enwreathment of the wig, he seems to insert his rulings in the very joints of the harness of debate with a swift and unerring thrust. A member will arise—even an Irish member, long practised in fence and naturally quick of tongue—to call the Speaker's attention to something he has possibly overlooked in a ruling. The Speaker watches him with immobile face, and, the moment

he has finished, shoots out his reply so quickly that your mind appears to get the impact of the question and answer simultaneously. And all so courteously, in such illuminating and precise English, with so thorough an understanding of the question and so perfect a respect for the questioner, that you feel that "Mr. Speaker" has very much to do with the smooth working of this not too harmonious House.

Naturally, in this Parliament of the "cloture," the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees keep the members very rigidly to the question before the House. Our by-and-large talkers in the Canadian Commons would be amazed at the carefulness with which the debate is watched. For example, one day when the Education Bill was up, the Committee was considering a clause which the Opposition contended would limit the power of school boards to do work of the higher sort. One member, in the course of the debate, said that he thought the "board school" curriculum was too heavy already. I deemed this to be right in line with the argument, and was surprised to see the Chairman look warningly at the speaker; however, he did not stop him. Then the speaker went on to illustrate his point by relating how, a few days before, he had heard in St. James's Park a little girl tell a still smaller brother that Nelson's Monument stood in Trafalgar Square because Nelson had fought the battle of Waterloo there. When the little fellow had demurred, she had crushed him with, "But my teacher told me!" Now, I again thought that story quite apropos—and quite old enough to know its proper place—but the Chairman ruled it out of order and admonished the teller. Another case recurs to me. In the debate on the sugar duties, a member was arguing that this particular tax was not rendered inevitable by the war, for there were many other things the Government might better have levied upon for revenue. He asked leave of the Speaker to mention some of them—at Ottawa such leave

would have been taken for granted. The Speaker ruled that the member might mention these other forms of taxation, but that he could not point out wherein their advantage lay—a pretty close ruling! My Single Tax friends will be glad to know that the first of these better sources of revenue he mentioned was a tax on land values.

"Question time" is, in the British House, often the most sensational of the day. Most of the Ministers are then present and the House is pretty full, and both of these are far rarer sights than at Ottawa. The Ministers do not "do duty" in the Chamber as ours do, neither do the Opposition leaders. But the question paper is a Ministerial roll-call, and each man is there to face the music—generally an Irish air. On an order paper I have before me as I write, there are sixty-nine questions, of which thirty-two were put from the Irish benches. If I were not afraid of straying into politics in a mere traveller's tale, I would be tempted to say that it seemed to me during my four days that the real Opposition in the Commons is a compact body sitting "below the gangway" and led by one John Redmond, who gets certain sporadic assistance from groups of Welsh and Radical members who assemble from time to time above the gangway. There is no such constant leadership anywhere as prevails in the Canadian Houses, and there is very much more freedom of criticism of the "front benches" by the rear benches than we would think compatible with party cohesion. Two of the most important debates that I heard were on the Government's Education Bill and a proposal of Mr. Dillon to strike the sugar duty from the Budget scheme. In the former, most of the Government supporters who spoke criticised the policy of the measure, and gave the Ministers much advice about a promised future bill; and in the latter, the Liberal speeches seemed to be largely made up of vigorously expressed regrets that Sir William Harcourt had "given their case away"

by stating that he felt compelled to vote for the duty. There are a lot of men, such as our Weldon of Albert used to be, in the British Commons.

Naturally, I found myself looking for the old Parliamentarians of whom I had so long read. The first speech I heard was by "Tim" Healy, and I never would have known him if the Speaker had not called him by name. He is a much larger and heavier man than I would have fancied from his photos, and he speaks with a calm reserve approaching that of Mr. Goldwin Smith, though his voice is the voice of Nicholas Flood Davin. To him replied Mr. Austen Chamberlain, leaning at ease on a box on the clerk's table, and smiling on the Irish phalanx through the hereditary monocle. And very thoroughly he appeared to understand his case. This younger Chamberlain had a good deal to do during my four days, and he seemed to be always informed, and he certainly stayed in the House more patiently than any other Minister. He speaks clearly and suavely, but without enthusiasm, and has many of the mannerisms of a civil case lawyer.

Then came John Dillon, with his motion against the sugar duty. If all Canadians were known to each other, I could make myself very much better understood by saying that Mr. Dillon is very like Mr. E. G. O'Connor, of Montreal; and that Mr. T. W. Russell, the "new Unionist" from Ireland, is own brother to Professor John Macoun, of Ottawa. As for Mr. Dillon, he is explanatory in style; tall, greyed, determined in appearance. It is hard to believe that he could make people think they had a grievance when they hadn't, which is the common explanation of Irish agitation; but he looks like a grim, tireless fighter—such a soldier as I should like to have enlisted in the service of any cause I held dearly at heart. Mr. T. W. Russell represents a new idea in British politics. He is a staunch Unionist, and opposes Irish "Home Rule," but he well-nigh outruns the Home Rulers in publishing Irish grievances and de-

manding their redress—by the British Parliament. That is, he has more confidence in the wisdom of British justice, provided it can be prodded up, than he has in that of a Government led by Mr. John Redmond. He is an energetic debater, sitting below the gangway on the Conservative side, in a seat exactly corresponding to that of Mr. John Redmond across the House; and the rumour is in the air here that the Ministry think of adopting—to some degree—his kind of Unionism.

The two heavy guns who were heard in this sugar debate were Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Harcourt, the financiers of the two parties, and they declared their intention of going into the same lobby. Sir William was not in fighting form—he was, in fact, almost tearful. This was a bad tax for a bad expenditure on a bad war, but he felt constrained to vote for it as the country had voted for the war. Sir Michael, whom I heard very often, spending one night with him and the Welsh members on the coal duties, was impatiently explanatory and exceedingly dogmatic. A question from the Ministerial benches seemed to make him snappish. Just as the back benchers are free in their criticisms of their leaders, so the leaders take little pains to deal smoothly with the men behind them. One feels that this Parliament is composed of serious men doing serious business, the execution of which is delegated to the Ministers, who see no reason for feeling grateful for the choice.

Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were not much in the House, though they exchanged civilities once or twice—a sort of competition in smiling politeness. Mr. John Redmond, the other party leader, I heard make a set speech on the Irish Board of Education—from which Archbishop Walsh has just resigned—a plain, clear statement, not without touches of eloquence. So far as appearances show, Mr. Redmond has the enthusiastic confidence of his party and the respect of the House—both significant facts when it is remembered that he is the new Parnell. Another

man who got the ear of the House was John Burns, the labour member, who spoke without any of the circumlocutions of formality, but with force and sense, his manner suggesting at times the debates in the Toronto Trades and Labour Council.

But the temptation to chatter on about individual members must be resisted if space is to be got for this sketch. Mr. Blake, I know, was about the House, for I caught several glimpses of him; but seeing him come in one day with the black "bag" of the law suggested how he might be spending his time in the neighbourhood of the Chamber. When sitting in the House, he had the same expression of pained aloofness he habitually wore when leading the Opposition at Ottawa. I should very much like to know how, in his most secluded judgment, he compares the two Houses. There is no leader here who pretends to do a fraction of the work he did—no man who rivals his tremendous speeches. I even doubt whether the general standard of speaking is much higher here than with us. The British member has the great virtue of brevity, which exorcises the Parliamentary sin of tediousness; but much of the back bench speaking is certainly no better than the same thing at Ottawa. Then I would back Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. George E. Foster against Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach so far, at least, as debating talent goes, and I fancy the Canadians would have something to spare to put over against the probably wider experience of the great English authorities. But this is, perhaps, a sort of comparison which no Canadian is qualified to make with fairness.

Leaving the gallery, one repasses the five policemen and the two officials, emerges into the central hall from behind a statue of Mr. Gladstone, and then walks down the old hall of St. Stephen, where Parliament once sat. On either side are white marble statues of great statesmen—Hampden, Walpole, the Pitts, Fox, Grattan, Burke—and then one sees to the right the ancient Hall of Westminster, begun

by William Rufus, where Charles I was condemned and Warren Hastings tried. A policeman waves you on, and you pass out by what might well be a drawbridge, beside which the statue of Cromwell keeps watch; and as you

look in his determined, unswerving eye, and think of the free Parliament within, you realize that England has travelled a long way since he trod these halls. And what hand, so much as his, made clear the path?



## THE ACQUISITIVE MAN.

*By Xerxes.*

A CANADIAN newspaper has of late been publishing portraits and inviting its readers to send in queries as to the characters of the men thus portrayed. In a general way the results may be said to be destructive of faith in physiognomy. In the case of a certain portrait nearly every correspondent expressed the belief that it was that of a man eminent in good works, a philanthropist, a missionary, a clergyman. Instead it was that of a noted Western outlaw, murderer and stage robber—a man valiant in every vice and with a record all black. Yet his portrait beamed as mildly from the printed page as that of a Peabody, a Livingstone or a Wesley. It may be that human countenances reveal much of character to those trained in reading such documents, but more profess knowledge in this matter than possess it. As a rule, it is after, and not before a man reveals his character in some conspicuous act that those familiar with him find in his face indubitable proof of his tendencies. Czolgosz had no sooner shot McKinley than experts showed conclusively by means of facial and cranial diagrams that he was a man shaped by nature to perpetrate just such a sensational crime—a useless, a too-late service this on the part of the physiognomists; very like many another service done mankind by excessively wise but unpractical persons.

If it is hard to judge of a man's character by peering into his face, it is equally hard to estimate his capacity for success in life. Among the most successful business men in Canada

are some whose talents are despised by those who meet and measure them. Prosperous businesses have been founded in the city by men who, in the towns and villages whence they came were rated lightly and thought to give no promise of success in any direction. Yet here they are enjoying power and place while many of whom much was expected have accomplished little or nothing.

Certain Canadians have won the V. C. and other coveted decorations in the South African war, but if, when the troops were departing, it had been foretold that a given number of these honours would be won, who would have chosen those who actually received them as among the probable winners? So far as physiognomy and that knowledge of human nature of which so many people talk are concerned, there were many others much more likely to perform daring deeds and win high rewards than those who, in the actual hazard of war, won them. And this not in disparagement of the men who won honours—in their praise rather, but in frank contempt of that widely prevailing, but erroneous idea, that the character and power of men can be discerned by scrutiny of their features. The hero projects himself unexpectedly on public notice; when a crisis occurs often the unlikely man rises to grapple with it. If a man will carefully enquire into his own preferences he will find that the male countenance which he approves as denoting character, is of the same type as his own. It is an unconscious egotism that

guides him in his judgment of other men by their looks. Every day men who are trusted betray those who rely upon them; and every day men of forbidding aspect prove themselves possessed of sterling qualities.

Nicholas Flood Davin has closed his career by his own hand, his life a self-confessed failure. Yet he was a man of whom much had been predicted—a man of wide learning, of brilliant parts, and possessing all the qualities that make for popularity. By taking violent leave of this world he reproaches it with having ill-used him, and I doubt not that it did. He offered the country talents greater than those which, proffered by other men, were accepted. Why is it that the late Mr. Davin was not called to the Cabinet when his party was in power? He was the friend of Sir John Macdonald. He saw men, dull of mind, scant of learning, pass him and enter the Ministry. It is said that he was unstable. But was this a cause or a consequence? Left in a position of irresponsibility, encouraged in the making of speeches more amusing than useful, too warm-blooded to withdraw from the centre of events, what could happen but that he should erect the reputation of being a man lacking in stability and ballast? A man colder than he but otherwise of the same equipment might not have earned this rating. Is not this the fact, that Nicholas Flood Davin was so generous a heart that his party leaders could have full use of his talents without haggling—without giving him a portfolio, without being pressed by him into a corner in moments of difficulty? Men not his equal in natural talent nor in training, and certainly not in generosity of character made cold bargains to their own advantage. Safe men, these, not likely to get their party into trouble nor out of it, not likely to affect it in any way, but certain to be the docile supporters of the man or two who did the thinking for the Government of the day. Sir John Macdonald filled his Cabinet with men of two kinds: those who preferred his opinion to their own, and those whom

he could not trust away from his daily influence. Davin belonged to neither of these classes.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier chose his Cabinet largely from the ranks of the Provincial Premiers presumably in order to free his Government as much as possible from responsibility for the principles laid down in the exigencies of politics during eighteen years of not always skilful fighting in Opposition. By reaching far and wide he secured a good Cabinet, but signs indicate that vacancies, as they occur, will be filled about as they were in Sir John Macdonald's time—by men who are docile or who will smash the door in if it be not opened unto them.

The chief defect in the character of Davin was his lack of acquisitiveness. Had he possessed this in a reasonable degree, it would have served the purpose of ballast, and would have given him stability of purpose. Acquisitiveness! Not only the faculty of making and keeping money—that is but one expression of acquisitiveness. It expresses itself in many ways, and does more than genius to make men successful in life—in business, in politics, in the professions. The man who lacks this faculty loses what his other powers gain for him. He sows in many fields yet reaps in none. The acquisitive man retires each night with something his that was not his when last he sought his couch—money, land, property in some form, a desirable acquaintance, a new business connection, a book, a knife, an idea, a cheer from an audience, a smile, a compliment with meaning in it, something, anything. No day is empty. He acquires not only material things, but aids to material things which others do not know the value of, and so he builds, brick on brick, the edifice of his fortune. This is as true in the field of politics or in a profession as it is in money-making. The man who succeeds in life is the acquisitive man, not the so-called genius whose brilliance is in spots, whose ability spends itself in gusts, whose course describes pendulum-swings.



## Walter Savage Landor, 1775-1864 \*

By G. MERCER ADAM

THE statement will hardly be challenged that the general reader knows almost nothing of the career and work of Walter Savage Landor. Even the student of literature, unless he is specially well read and himself a classicist, is apt to know little of the author of "Count Julian," "Gebir," and the "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen" and his rare devotion to the Roman Muse. Nevertheless, he was in many respects a remarkable figure in the literary life and activities of his age, an unrivalled prose writer, and a poet of the motherland of many and great gifts, of whom so high an authority as Swinburne affirms that "he has won for himself such a double crown of glory in verse and in prose as has been won by no other Englishman but Milton." The eulogy may seem extravagant; but it comes from one who can well appreciate the rare craftsmanship of a fellow poet and man of letters, for Landor, whatever he lacked in imagination, had an incomparable literary style and did much fine creative work, however wanting it was in continuity, in unifying power, and in the qualities that inflame, inspire and abide in the human heart. With all his defects, which, however, are mainly those of character and temperament, Landor is nevertheless worthy of high honour, and his genius should win for him a more exalted place in the annals of letters. What a new century may do for him and his reputation it would be idle to speculate upon. Hitherto he has sung but to "the few and fit," and with all his accomplishments he has, in great meas-

ure, failed to win the ear of the world, or to be known save, for the most part, through anthologies and treasuries of choice prose. And yet Landor, we recall, was, in his own day, not unaware that his writings were a sealed book to the multitude, and that he sang but to a small though select circle. This, however, did not distress him, as it might have distressed a vain, or a poor man, dependent for his bread upon popular applause; for he remained cheerful through all discouragements, and to the close of his long and laborious life was proudly content and confidently satisfied with himself and his achievements, as the following quatrain of his felicitously shows:—

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

To understand Landor's work, one must know something of the poet's history and mental characteristics. Though, like most Greek and Roman writers, after whom he patterned himself, little of Landor's personality is to be gleaned from his writings—he was nevertheless an Englishman of a robust, independent, and even radical type. Born in 1775 of good sound parentage, he inherited a sturdy physical frame, with a fondness for outdoor life which contributed to health and mental vigour, and kept him vigorous till his death in 1864.

Dowered with wealth, he received, also, an excellent college education, which his incorrigible schoolboy moods and untutored habits somewhat short-

\* From Introduction, by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, to a Selection from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor, issued in the "Universal Classics Library," published by M. Walter Dunne, New York, 1901.

ened, though not before he could write English prose with remarkable force and fluency, and give vent to his impatience with college Dons in strong, scurrilous, and sometimes in defamatory, Latin verse. When he left Oxford, he had the reputation of being an extraordinarily good classic, besides acquiring fame by his Oriental effusion, "Gebir," and by the publication of a miscellaneous collection of verse. His father dying early he came into the possession of large estates, which he erratically mismanaged, and soon after selling them set out, in 1808, for Spain, then invaded by Bonaparte. There he raised and equipped at his own expense a body of troops, designing to take the field with them against the arch-enemy of his country; but being piqued at some slight offence he threw aside his patriotic enthusiasm and speedily returned to England. Of two follies he was guilty soon after his return to his native shores, one of these was the sinking of a large sum of money in an ambitious estate in Wales; the other was his hasty and ill-assorted marriage with a maiden in her teens, sixteen years younger than himself. Meanwhile his pen had been hard at work, and its product at this time was the fruit of his chivalrous expedition to Spain — the lofty tragedy entitled "Count Julian." This dramatic poem deals with sombre incidents in early Spanish history. It did little, however, to enhance Landor's fame, even when its authorship was avowed, though like all the author's work it has many magnificent passages, but which were entirely unsuited for the stage.

"Count Julian" was followed by a collection of Latin poems, and by the initial series of the delightful "Imaginary Conversations," which, with his prose poem, "Pericles and Aspasia" — constitute his chief claim to immortality. The epistolary form of "Pericles and Aspasia," though dealing with an attractive Greek theme, is apt to repel the ordinary reader; but in spite of the dialogue method and its occasional heavy disquisitions, its artistic beauty and its felicitous setting, of

glorious English prose, ought to win for it many and ever-recurring readers. The vast range and variety of subjects treated of in the "Imaginary Conversations" must make this extensive instalment of Landor's creative work of high value, at least to the historical and literary student. Here he pours out, in copious streams, the riches of his intellectual stores, with the added gifts of fine reflective thought, rare powers of character-drawing, and an abundance of discursive talk. The affluence of thought and ideas throughout these volumes of conversations and monologues cannot fail to strike the most careless reader. The series is a treasure-house of apothegms and axioms, and though the author's ideas are often disconnected and the plan of his work lacking in any definite scheme or purpose, its interest is great, and one meets repeatedly with passages of striking, felicitous, and often noble beauty. Besides the culture manifest in these writings and the evidences, on almost every page, of a marvellously wide and choice range of reading, one is struck also by their author's phenomenal power of character-sketching and the dramatic interest of much of the matter; while the volumes are here and there lit up by some piece of pungent satire and by frequent overflows of wit and humour.

While these "Imaginary Conversations" were being penned, Landor, it should be said, was a resident of Italy, for there the poet delighted to find his home, the landed gentleman of Wales being a rôle which, were he less erratic than he was, he could not content himself with filling. At Florence, therefore, he pitched his tent, and there he chiefly abode, industriously writing to a green old age, with occasional interruptions and distractions incident to his stormy domestic life. Here were written, besides more of his poems, and their finely-finished Latin versions, with some translations from the Arabic and Persian, "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare;" "The Pentameron;" "Pericles and Aspasia;" two series of "Hellenics,"

a collection of "Heroic Idyls," and in his later years "The Last Fruit of an Old Tree," "Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor," and further volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations." This immense and varied body of literature, the toil of a high, heroic, and at times seraphic soul, alas, met with no wider audience than that of a small circle of learned scholars, *littérateurs*, and immediate friends. Nor did his artistic verse attract—not even the gem-like quatrains and idyls, with all their finished beauty; for Landor, as it has been said, like the maiden in the fairy tale, could not speak without now and then dropping pearls and diamonds. But authorcraft is full of similar instances of depreciation and neglect; and Landor, as we have already remarked, was little affected by the lack of popular applause. In this respect he fared no worse than did Coleridge, De Quincey, and others of

his scholarly and industrious contemporaries. One chief reason of this is that Landor, by his training and tastes, did not address a popular audience; and like the classical writers, as we have hinted, failed to put his personality into his work. With all his exquisite gifts as a writer, he rarely touches the heart, his appeals being chiefly to the artistic, rather than to the poetic, sense. He is, moreover, lacking in passion, and is too highly and serenely intellectual to be eloquent and appealingly, burning, intense. Only to the few choice minds, who can appreciate his wondrous intellect, the power and majesty of his sonorous prose, and the grace and melody of his idyllic verse, does he effectively appeal; though he wrote for far more than such, including the patriot and man of action, as well as the idealist and the idle, desultory reader.



#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

**H**ARK! the herald angels sing  
 "Glory to the new-born King,  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild;  
 God and sinners reconciled."  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With angelic hosts proclaim  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"  
 Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
 Hail the incarnate Deity!  
 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die;  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.

—Charles Wesley.





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR BEALES

### HER FIRST LETTER

HER SOLDIER-LOVER HAS GONE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY. HIS FIRST LETTER HAS ARRIVED,  
AND SHE READS IT AT THE OLD TRYST





PHOTO BY NOTMAN

THE OPHIR AND WARSHIPS AT HALIFAX

## AFTERMATH OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

*By Norman Patterson.*

WHY shouldn't Canada have as a permanent Governor-General, some member of the Royal Family? The present system of appointing a Governor-General every six years is old-fashioned and out-of-date. The exigencies of politics in Canada and in Great Britain are bound to clash when London sends a placeman to govern a country which is proud, restive and independent. Major-Generals commanding have been sent home to London—not theoretically, but practically—because their ideas and those of Canada's elected rulers did not agree. If no Governor-General has yet been asked to resign before his term was up, it was only because Canadian Cabinets and London Colonial Secretaries have been afraid to resort to extreme measures. Respect for vested authority and respect for British connection have caused Canadians to swallow certain lumps in their throats. To avoid an outburst of indignant grief, some change is advisable.

A member of the Royal Family as permanent Governor-General would be worth considering. A Royal Governor-General would benefit more than an appointed Governor-General from the rule, "The King can do no wrong." He would be less open to criticism because of his Royal blood, and because of his more intimate connection with the Royalty of London and its policy. He would come amongst us and be of us. He would be the Prince



PHOTO BY HENRY FRY, WINNIPEG CAMERA CLUB

WINNIPEG CASKET CONTAINING CIVIC ADDRESS



PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL

of Canada, his wife the Princess. He would not be a King because he would be responsible to his Overlord the King of Great Britain and Ireland, and his office would not descend to his son as of right.

With a member of the Royal Family living at Ottawa, Canada would take on new dignity. A Governor-General appointed by a Colonial Secretary can never be much greater than the power which appointed him; a member of the Royal Family selected by the King would be a genuine Viceroy, the representative of the Throne rather than of the dominant political party. It is an anomaly to clothe an unroyal body with a royal garment. The beggar in a royal robe is still a beggar, and demands little more than a beggar's respect. A commoner with a G.C.M.G. star upon his breast is a greater commoner because he wears a commoner's badge of honour; a commoner with a royal robe is an impostor, a sham, a delusion. If Canada is to have a ruler, let it be a Royal ruler—a Prince of the blood.

These suggestions are bred of the recent Royal visit, and the success which came to it as of right and necessity. Canada met the Duke with all the enthusiasm of a loyal people, with all the respect of a monarchical nation. The Duke met the people as a royal prince should meet them—appreciative, interested, anxious, gracious, and yet with the bearing of the son of a King, the dignity of an heir to the world's greatest throne.

When the Duke left Halifax he addressed a letter to the people of Canada in which he thanked them for their warm-heartedness and cordiality. He expressed his gratitude for "the generous feeling which has prompted all classes to contribute towards that hearty and affectionate welcome which we have met with." He recognized all this "as a proof of the strong personal loyalty to the throne, as well as a declaration of the deep-seated devotion on the part of the people of Canada to that unity of the Empire of which the Crown is the symbol." What a strengthening of these bonds there

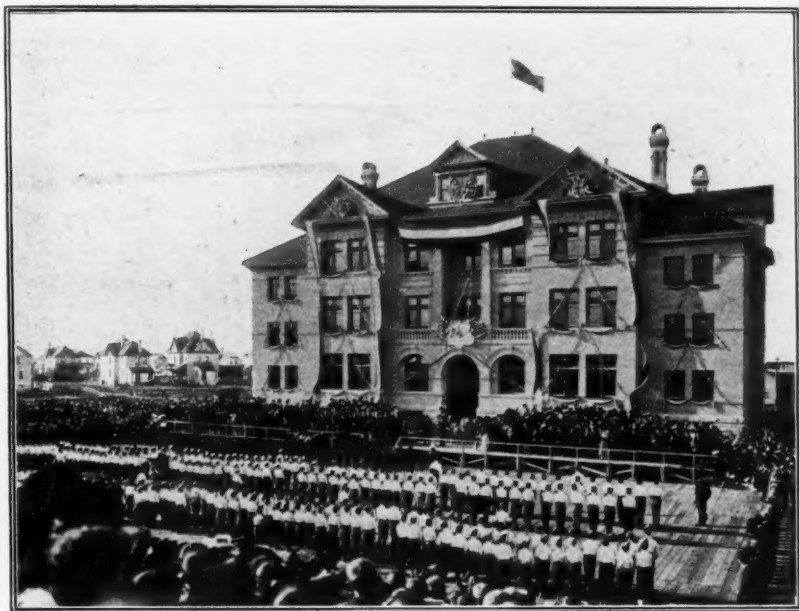


PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG—OPENING OF NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING

would be, if there were a Prince of the Royal blood permanently resident here!

The Duke was impressed with Canada. His address goes on to say: "Short as, unfortunately, our stay in Canada had to be, it was sufficient for us to understand something of its boundless possibilities, and the scope which it affords to those who, with a spirit of enterprise, determination and willingness to work, desire to seek a wider, less crowded and richer field than that offered by the congested industries and professions of the Mother Country. I trust that these possibilities may be taken advantage of in the future, and that suitable emigrants from the Mother Country may come in large numbers." And may not one reasonably assert that the Duke of York could do much to attract attention to Canada if he were permanently domiciled here? As the individual must assert himself, so must the nation. It is hard for a nation to assert its greatness, its individuality, unless it has some person of noble origin and

superior qualifications to represent it among the nations of the world. A Governor-General of Canada in Europe would be of no higher rank than a Carnegie or a Morgan; a Prince of Canada would be a representative who would command attention and respect of the highest order.

In a closing paragraph of his carefully prepared address, the Duke says:

We wish it had been possible to remain longer in Canada, and by availing ourselves of the many pressing invitations received from different centres, to become acquainted more intimately with its various districts and their people; but we have seen enough to carry away imperishable memories of affectionate and loyal hearts, frank and independent natures, prosperous and progressive communities, boundless productive territories, glorious scenery, stupendous works of nature, a people and a country proud of its membership of the Empire, and in which the Empire finds one of its brightest offspring.

Our hearts are full at saying farewell. We feel that we have made many friends in all parts of the Dominion, and that we owe and gladly extend to its people our sincere friendship and good wishes. May the affectionate regard which all races and classes

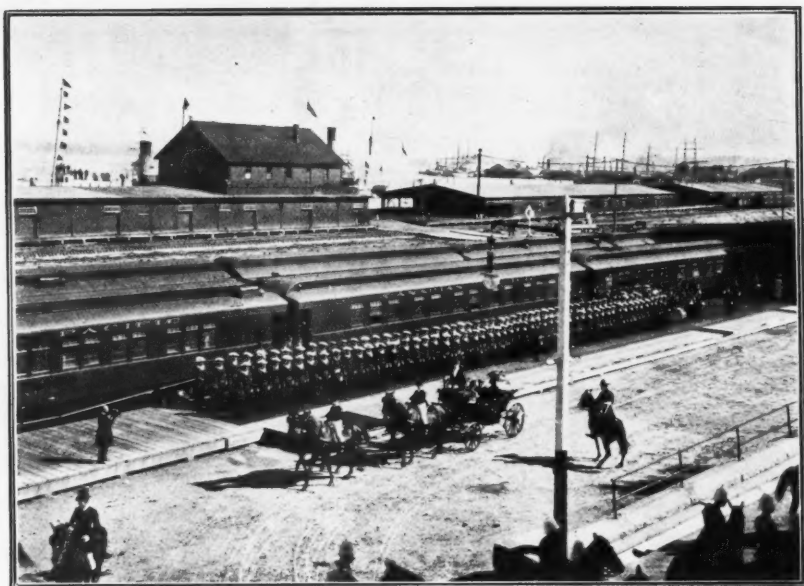


PHOTO BY NOTMAN &amp; SON

VANCOUVER—THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE STATION

have so generally shown us knit together the peoples of Canada and strengthen the existing tie that unites the Empire.

One would think from reading these paragraphs that the Duke himself felt that Canada should have a Royal Prince as her official head—a man whose whole life and career would be bound up with the progress of the Land of the Maple, whose every thought, every ambition, every desire should be for the country over which he was the temporal chief. A Governor-General on a small salary, staying here but for a term, responsible to nothing and nobody in Canada, dependent not a whit on Canadian popularity or influence, cannot be anything but a fifth wheel on a four-wheeled vehicle. Instead of being an influence for unity, he must be a continual source of discord. Canada has had good Governors-General, but her success has been in spite of them rather than due to them.

## II.

In order to supplement the record in last month's MAGAZINE, it is neces-

sary to review briefly the closing events of the Royal Tour. At eight o'clock on the evening of October 2nd, the Duke and Duchess set their faces eastward from Victoria, returning to Vancouver on the *Empress of India*. At the latter city the Party remained only two hours to receive an address from the Port Simpson, Squamish and Mission Indians, the former travelling 800 miles to present their greatest heirloom, "the hat of the chiefs," a relic so old that its origin is unknown.

On the 4th, the Party reached Banff, where the Duchess remained to enjoy the mountain air and scenery, while her husband went on to Manitoba to try the duck-shooting. On the 6th, the Duke reached the shooting lodge at Lake Manitoba, where a couple of days were pleasantly spent. On the evening of the 8th, the Party was again speeding eastward. With a few short stops, the trip was continuous to Toronto, where they arrived on Thursday, October 10th. Amid a drizzling rain, the Royal Party was welcomed at a specially-erected station, was

escorted through streets lined with soldiers and people, and welcomed at the City Hall by the Mayor and Corporation, a chorus of 1,200 voices, and a great concourse of people.

On the following day occurred one of the greatest events of the Canadian tour. This was a Royal Review of 11,000 Canadian militia, the largest collection of militia ever seen in Canada. The troops paraded for inspection and march-past at 11 o'clock, under Major-General R. H. O'Grady-Haly, C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding. The Cavalry Brigade was in one division, consisting of Governor-General's Body-Guards, 1st Hussars, 2nd Dragoons, 4th Hussars, Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, and the Toronto Mounted Rifles, and even Canadians were surprised at the numbers and quality of the mounted troops of Ontario. The brigadier was Colonel F. L. Lessard, C.B., A.D.C. Next came the Artillery Brigade, under Colonel C. W. Drury, C.B., A.D.C., consisting of three brigade divisions and totaling ten batteries of six guns each—the largest body of artillery ever seen in this country. Then came the Infantry, in

two divisions. The first consisted of two brigades, under Colonel W. D. Otter, C.B., A.D.C.; and the second of two brigades, under Colonel L. Buchan, C.M.G. Then followed the newly-organized Army Medical Corps, under Colonel J. H. Neilson, D.G.M.S., consisting of four Bearer and three



PHOTO BY H. M. HENDERSON, VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER—THE ARCH ERECTED BY THE JAPANESE CONSUL AND RESIDENTS



PHOTO BY H. M. HENDERSON, VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER—THE ARCH ERECTED BY THE CHINESE RESIDENTS—AT THIS POINT THE CHINESE BOARD OF TRADE PRESENTED AN ADDRESS





PHOTO BY NOTMAN & SON

CALGARY—THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

Field Hospital companies. It was a magnificent scene, worthy of the occasion and worthy of the banner province of the Dominion.

On the evening of that day there was an official dinner, and an official reception at which over two thousand people were presented. Unfortunately, this was not "on invitation," and the best people of Toronto were not all there. A disgraceful crush marred what should have been an impressive event.

The next two or three days were spent by the Royal Party in visiting Hamilton, Niagara Falls, London, and other Western Ontario points.

On Tuesday, October 15th, they visited Belleville, Kingston, Brockville and Cornwall, the trip from Kingston to Brockville being made by steamer among the beautiful Thousand Islands. At noon the next day, the Party reached the Victoria Bridge, Montreal, inspected the golden rivet driven by King Edward forty years ago, received an address from Mr. Reeve, the General Manager of the Grand Trunk, and then proceeded to Sherbrooke.

On the 17th, the Party passed through Moncton, the headquarters of the Intercolonial Railway, arriving at St. John in the afternoon. As at Toronto, there was a review of troops and presentation of colours and medals. There was a reception that evening, and at noon next day the Party left for Halifax, arriving there on the morning of October 19th. This was the last reception on the Canadian part of the tour, but owing to the presence of British troops and war vessels, it was one



THE DUCHESS AND PARTY VISIT A THRESHING ON THE PRAIRIE



PHOTO BY GALBRAITH, TORONTO

CITY HALL, TORONTO—MAYOR HOWLAND READING THE CIVIC ADDRESS

of the most brilliant. The fleet included the *Ophir*, *Niobe*, *Diadem*, *Psyche*, *Tribune*, *Pallas*, *Crescent*, *Quail*, *Prosperpine*, *Columbine*, *Alert* and *Indefatigable*. Nearly 5,000 troops were under arms at the afternoon review. In the evening there was a reception, at which a thousand people were presented.

Sunday, October 20th, was spent quietly. On Monday, at 9.30, the *Ophir* passed out of the magnificent harbour, escorted by the powerful squadron of warships, and saluted by the guns from the Citadel and forts. The five weeks' Royal visit to Canada had terminated.

### III.

Many anecdotes and incidents in connection with the Duke's Canadian tour have appeared in print, and some are worth preserving.

At Ottawa, the Duke received and warmly greeted a Mr. Martin Battle, who is said to be the only survivor of the party which accompanied the Prince of Wales through Canada in 1860.

At various points the Duke and

Duchess were met by people who had served the Duke's or the Duchess' family in early days, and had known them as children. These old retainers were always given ample opportunity to exchange greetings with the Royal couple, and the pleasure seemed to be mutual.

A Winnipeg newspaper is authority for the account of an amusing incident at Poplar Point, where the Duke went fishing. When the Duke returned to the railway station from the lake he was met by the Duchess, who embraced her royal spouse affectionately. The greeting was scarcely over when a buxom woman, who was among the country folk assembled to see the Party depart, bounced up to the Duke, caught him in her arms, and planked a smacking kiss on his cheek. The Duchess laughed heartily and the Duke likewise seemed to enjoy the experience after he had recovered from his amazement. The good lady explained that she just wished to have the distinction of having kissed the future King of England.

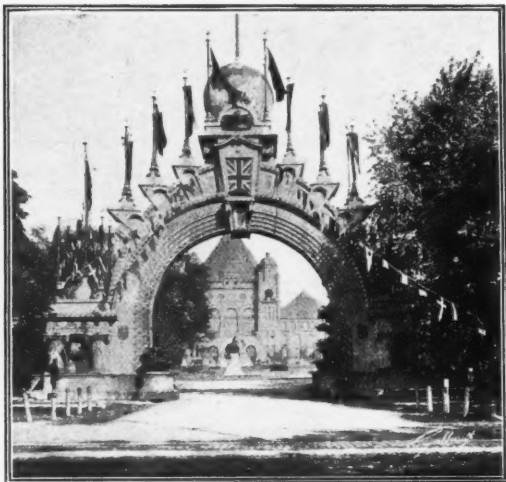


PHOTO BY GALBRAITH, TORONTO

TORONTO—THE MANUFACTURERS' ARCH—LEGISLATIVE BUILDING IN DISTANCE

There were two shooting parties. Lord Wenlock led one in a district about two miles from where the Duke was shooting. The noble Lord secured 203 ducks that day and was no doubt surprised at their plentifulness. The secret leaked out afterwards. Mr. Warren, the host of the occasion, had worked up a fine attendance of birds

by a judicious distribution, during the previous days, of some fifty bushels of appetizing wheat. The ducks were fooled into thinking they had found a new El Dorado.

Of course, the Duke's staff occasionally ran foul of Canada's sturdy democracy. A story is told of one of them who, at Banff, desired to have his horse ridden back from the station to the hotel so that he might walk with a friend. He chirped to a N.W.M. Policeman "Here, take my horse, will you?" Now everybody knows that a N.W.M. Policeman is the equal of any Life-Guardsman that ever donned the steel breastplate and white buckskins. Therefore the Policeman looked gently at

my lord for a minute and said: "All right, hitch him up to that telegraph pole. I'll take him up for you when I'm through with my business."

When the Duke was presented with a lacrosse stick and ball at the conclusion of the Ottawa match he said to Captain Dunn: "But is this the ball that the game was played with?"

"No," replied the Captain, "that is a new one."

"But I should prefer the one the game was played with," said the Duke.

That ball had been the cause of a strong tussle among several players at the conclusion of the game and had been won by a stout Cornwall wrestler. He gave it up, however, to His Royal Highness who was



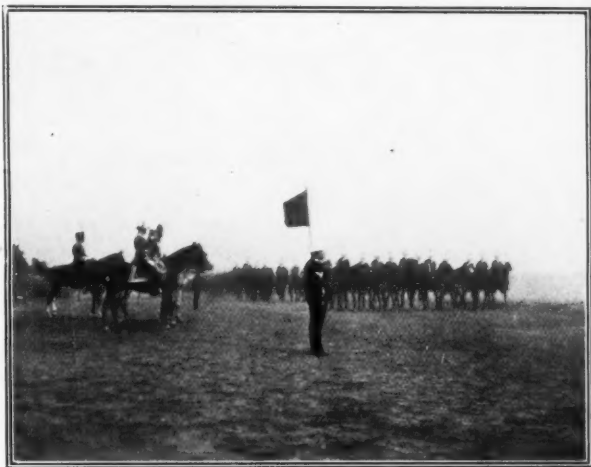
TORONTO—LIEUT. COCKBURN RECEIVING HIS V.C.

much pleased. Then there was a scramble for the new ball which the Duke had discarded.

A similar desire for souvenirs was manifest in the Duchess. When in Toronto she asked for one of the huge brass and enamel badges worn by the dignified aldermen and officials. She wanted the genuine thing to show how Canada's greatest city regarded its officials, the real gaudy, six-inch brass badge. But the officials wouldn't oblige her. They made her one in solid gold and sent it after her. Imagine her disappointment, for what cares the heiress to a ten million dollar diamond for a gold badge! It was the brass one that she couldn't get every day.

One of the unique presentations of the trip, was the Cornwall gift of lacrosse sticks for the Duke's boys. They may yet be good Canadians if they learn to use them.

When the Bishop of Ottawa, followed after his surplised choir, on the Sunday that the Royal Party attended service in his church, he wore gorgeous vestments. On his head was the mitre and in his hand the crozier. The Duke would no doubt notice that every-



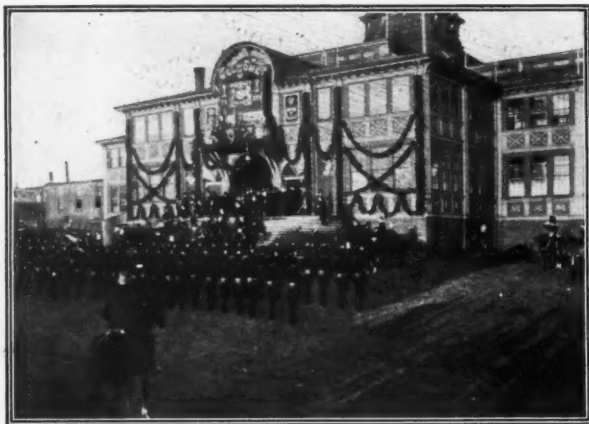
TORONTO—THE BODY GUARDS MARCH PAST

thing in Canada was democratized except Rideau Hall and the Church.

In connection with this visit, there was an event of national significance and humiliation. The Duke and Duchess each placed a sovereign on the collection plate. The churchwardens secured these afterwards, substituting *United States* sovereigns for the



TORONTO—THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS MARCH PAST



ST. JOHN—THE DUKE ARRIVES AT THE CITY HALL

British gold. Canada has no gold coinage of her own.

It is said that King Edward, at a function in London this year, ordered Lord Strathcona not to remain uncovered. A similar incident occurred at Ottawa. Richard Nichols, an aged paymaster of the navy, who came to Canada in 1837 with Lord Durham, was presented to the Duke during the afternoon. A chill wind was blowing, but he bared his head as His Highness spoke to him. "Put on your hat. It is too cold for an aged man like you to allow your head to be unprotected," said His Highness.

entered as a second year student at that institution. In replying to the address, the Duke of York said: "I deeply appreciate the high honour of a degree in your distinguished university. At the same time you have reminded me that the undergraduates' roll bears the name of my dear father—and I further notice that he has remained in that position more than forty years." It is unnecessary to add that several hoary-heads smiled in glee, while the hundred and twenty lucky students who saw the function laughed uproariously.

"I do not think it would be the proper thing for me to stand in the presence of my future King with my head covered."

"Did your naval training not teach you to obey orders?" enquired the Duke, with a smile.

Mr. Nichols replaced his hat.

At the University of Toronto, the Duke was most unfilial. He spoke jocularly of his father, the King, who in 1860 was



### I.—THE SEA BY THE WOOD.

I DWELL in a sea that is wild and deep,  
And afar in a shadow still,  
I can see the trees that gather and sleep  
In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,  
The caves are crystal calm,  
But I wish the sea were a little trace  
Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,  
Are weary of smothering gold,  
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls  
In the branches manifold.



They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes  
 With their passion-prayer unsaid,  
 They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs  
 And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips  
 Ashen and sere and gray,  
 You can hear the sails of the sunken ships  
 Stir and shiver and sway,

In the weary solitude ;  
 If mine were the will of God, the main  
 Should melt away in the rustling wood  
 Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,  
 And afar in the shadow still,  
 I can see the trees that gather and sleep  
 In the wood upon the hill.



## II.—THE WOOD BY THE SEA.

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind  
 But afar off tolls the main,  
 Afar, far off I hear the wind,  
 And the marching of the rain.

The shade is dark as a palmer's hood,  
 The air with balm is bland ;  
 But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood  
 Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,  
 Are aweary of casting shade ;  
 Wearily smoulder the resin crests  
 In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,  
 The nests are weary of wings,  
 The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep,  
 The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,  
 So still when the dead cones fall,  
 Near in the vale or away on the hill,  
 You can hear them one and all.

And their falling wearies me ;  
 If mine were the will of God, why then  
 The wood should tramp to the sounding sea,  
 Like a marching army of men !

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,  
 Afar off tolls the main ;  
 Afar, far off I hear the wind  
 And the marching of the rain.

*Duncan Campbell Scott*



## Wolves on the Range

by John Innes



TO range means, in one sense, to rove at large. "Range" is a noun not found in dictionaries, but used generally throughout the North-West to designate that part of the grazing country over which cattle and other live stock wander at will.

It is here that the wolf—the outcast—is brought into closest contact with man's interests. The mere mention of this animal is likely to suggest to him who has no real knowledge of them, visions of a deep forest road, gathering dusk, whirling snow and plunging horses, with the fur-clad driver of the vehicle shouting and slashing with his whip. The sleigh bells ring madly; the muffled occupants, loading their firearms as quickly as possible, discharge them into the black mass of savage, leaping forms, whose eyes gleam with a deadly light, and whose fangs clash at each unsuccessful leap toward their prey. And this idea is not to be wondered at when we remember the tales of narrow escapes from just such a peril with which the magazines and papers of years ago were filled.

These, however, are not the wolves which play havoc upon the range. The European wolf has a smaller head, longer legs and less hair than his cousin of the Northwestern plains; also his colour is not the same.

Canadian wolves are, broadly speaking, of three classes. First, the big gray timber wolf of the mountains, seen but seldom in the open; next the gray wolf of the foothills and prairies; and lastly, the little wolf, or coyote.

The first we may dismiss as playing no very large part on the plains—or range country. The second will chiefly occupy us, after a few words about Mr. Coyote, who, being a mean little cuss,

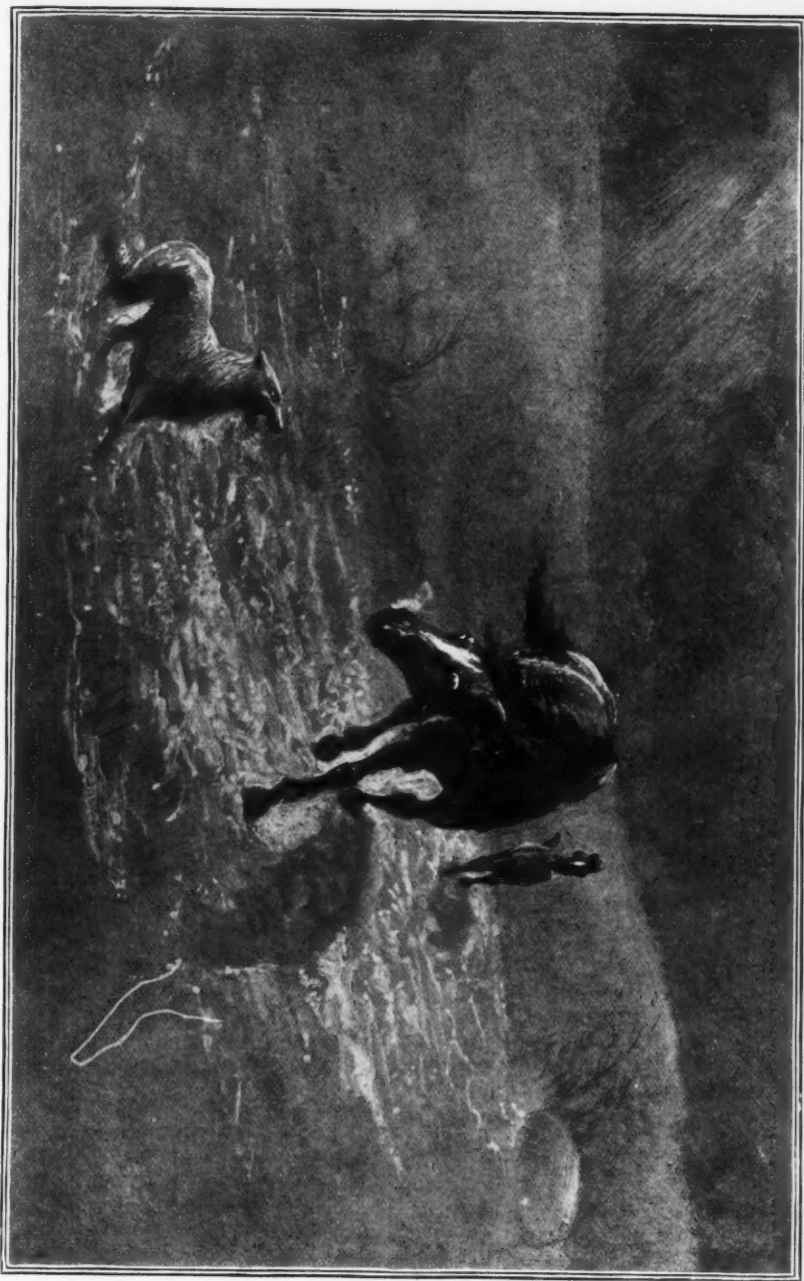
confining himself to rabbits, hens, dying animals, weaklings, and offal, is really not worth much space.

A little cur who flits  
Upon the view,  
Then halting turns, and sits  
And looks at you.  
One motion, and he pops  
Across the plain  
A little way, then stops  
To look again.

A small gray shadow in the honest day;  
A sneaking little whelp is coyote.

Here really isn't worth bursting out into rhyme over, were it not for the fact that his voice makes him conspicuous. Anyone having had a good taste of outdoor life on the prairies will bear me out when I state that of all the horrible yells mortal ears have ever had to put up with, that of the coyote stands in the front of the front rank. He is a sneak, but he has a voice which would prove invaluable on a warship in a fog. Let him go at that.

Now for the big gray wolf, the enemy of the stockmen. In colour he is a grizzled gray along the back, head, and upper parts of his body; below he is a yellowish gray of a much lighter tone than above. From snout to rump he will average about four feet, and he carries a bushy tail of fully twenty inches. His hair is long, and he is altogether a stocky animal when compared with Mr. Coyote. The Indians are so impressed with his endurance, speed, and capacity for existing for a long period on air, that they gladly cross him with their sledge dogs, and thus obtain a useful if savage assistant to pull their loads during the long winters of that far northern land. He is a hunter, a thief, a traitor, and at



DRAWN BY JOHN INNES

WOLVES ON THE RANGE—THE CARES OF MATERNITY

times a wicked fighter. A price is on his head, for experience has taught the Government that the only way to stop in any marked degree the depredations which are so costly upon the range is to make him a hunted outlaw. "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" he stands pre-eminent amongst the wild things of the West.

Imagine to yourself a herd of cattle quietly grazing upon the rolling grass lands. The calves, young and full of the spirit of curiosity about everything in this new and pleasant world that they have so lately entered, butt and play amid the flowers and brush. Suddenly their attention is attracted by some strange animals, so full of good-natured fun as to be irresistible to their youthful bovine minds. These new creatures roll and play like kittens, tumbling each other over and over and racing in circles nearer and nearer. They stop for a moment and squat all arow, looking with tongues lolling out from their grinning masks at the mottled group of little calves, standing with ears thrust forward and wondering eyes turned towards them. For a few moments they remain quiet, and then the play commences again. Over and over they roll, this time slowly leaving the cattle. One calf, more venturesome than his brethren, allows his curiosity to get the better of him and follows. Still the fascinating game, so full of innocent glee and undesigned goodwill, proceeds; the little spotted fool, fascinated and happy, following, following. One bawl from his mother and all would be well, but she is contentedly munching a new find of succulent grass upon the further side of a knoll. Faster roll the playful things, round and round, tumbling, turning, grinning. Faster yet, and always away from the herd. Of a sudden the poor little calf detects something wrong. The play is slackening, and one of the group of pretty animals is looking at him in a way that makes him fear; the grin upon all the group changes into a horrible snarl; with a cry of agony he turns to

run back to his mother, but it is too late; snapping, snarling, the traitorous band of erstwhile playmates are upon him, and the country is the poorer by one young beef animal. Later the cowboys, spying the big red XX cow without her calf, take a circle around and find what is left of him.

It is almost useless to endeavour to trap these creatures. Their sense of smell is so keen and their intuitive knowledge of strategy so fine that the cleverest, well-thought-out preparations usually end in failure. With them, as with most wild things, the scent of men and iron seems to defy all efforts at disguise, and many a disappointment awaits the expectant hunter. He may bury his traps ever so carefully, may sprinkle the blood or drag the carcase, or encase his feet in horn or hide with consummate skill; yet a visit to his well laid ambushes usually ends in disappointment. The tracks of his quarry may be found circling about and around the death-dealing instruments which he has invented, in great numbers, but seldom does he find Mr. Wolf captured.

Horses of all animals are the best equipped by nature to "rustle" for food during the keen winters of the Great Northwest. Where cattle would undoubtedly starve they find food in plenty, and usually emerge fat and healthy in the spring time. The cause is not far to seek. Cattle seldom paw through the snow for food; they nose about; and if the white covering upon the grass is bound with a hard crust or is deep enough to cover their eyes whilst endeavoring to eat, they at once abandon all attempts at foraging, and wander in search of better feeding grounds. Horses on the contrary, paw, break the crust, and live where their split-hoof companions would starve. Therefore, during hard weather, the cattle gather about the huge hay corrals upon the plains, and the horses remain in the open. It is thus that the foals are in danger from the wolves.

Mares and foals scatter in search of food during the day, generally banding together for mutual protection and

warmth at night. Many a time the famished outlaws sit in a ring about these herds, longing for a chance to get at the young colts standing in the middle of the bunch, whilst the mares and geldings with heads towards the centre and heels turned to all the world, kick violently at their approach. Others keep them at safe distance. Even alone the mares will fight like wild cats to protect their young.

It is a decidedly pretty sight to see the wild wolf hunting wild prey—say deer or antelope. Many a time have I watched the chase through field glasses. The deer come down through a deep coulee, or old buffalo run to drink at the river. Hardly have they left the water when the wolves appear on either side. The frightened quarry dashes back up the

path by which he descended to the river, the wolves following closely. Up, up, he goes, leaping magnificently, running for his life. He nears the crest and sees the open prairie ahead, when lo! more of his enemies appear on either side and also in front. Generally he is doomed. Sometimes by almost unbelievable effort he breaks through the enclosing hunters and stretches away over the open plains with the whole pack in full cry. The plan is so well thought out, so almost human in its intelligence that one cannot but admire it.

The ranchers have many a good run after these enemies of their stock, wolf hounds forming the pack. This however I must leave to the imagination of all good sportsmen, and for the present say no more in this article about "Wolves on the Range."



## TWO LOVES.

ONE said, "Lo, I would walk hand-clasped with thee  
 Adown the ways of joy and sunlit slopes  
 Of earthly song, in happiest vagrancy,  
 To pluck the blossom of a thousand hopes—  
 Let us together drain the wide world's cup  
 With gladness brimmèd up!"

And one said, "I would pray to go with thee  
 When sorrow claims thee; I would fence thy heart  
 With mine against all anguish—I would be  
 The comforter and healer of thy smart;  
 And I would count it all the wide world's gain  
 To spare or share thy pain!"

*L. M. Montgomery.*





# A Masterpiece of God

By Frank Baird

TEN years before—when he was twenty-six—he had made up his mind to marry. But just then she died. He took this philosophically, however, reasoning that it was due to a discovery in heaven of just what manner of woman she was. The only puzzling thing about it was that they had not sent for her sooner.

But his knowing the why of her taking off in no way lessened his wrath—grief is not the word—regarding it. He planned a great revenge that was to include in its sweep everything from God down—man, woman, the world—everything except Art. That was guiltless ; and that was enough.

After the great casting-out he went heroically to work. In ten years hate and other things had pushed him well towards the top in the world of Art. He had a studio, an easy income, some who were well up towards the master-line came to him to learn. He was getting his revenge. He was content, and had steeled himself to living on that way. God and His world, and men—and women—could go to the Devil. He had a world of his own. It had its people and things, its god, its angels, its heaven and hell. And this Art world was enough ; it was better.

When Rose Le Clare first came to him as a pupil, he had squared her as he did everything, by a rigid art-standard. As a woman she was something to be put away. But what was in her of Art he felt called upon to recognize. One day as she worked it occurred to him he must detail some—for Art's sake. Her profile was chiselled with exquisite fineness. The lines that held in her face were just where he would have pencilled them to make perfection out of a pupil's imperfection. And where was the colourist who could have stumbled on that ground, or on that subtle something which gave the sobriety and tenderness of tone to the warm blue grey in the eyes ? This was rare ; it was new ; it was Art. If he were to work on her face, how would he light and frame it ? For he had become aroused up to the point of thinking even that. Beauty in marble, in the light, shade and blend on dull, tarry substance shot him through with strange, inspiring thrills. He had felt these before ; he felt some of them now as he looked at his pupil.

He was in the far end of the gallery the next time she came to copy. Once she became thoughtful. The great masterpiece before her faded out. He knew she was seeing things such as people dream. The tone about her was low and chaste. The lower part of her figure melted softly into the floor, while the upper part stood clearly against the farther wall. Her profile, neck and one full arm were lit by a rarely suffused light from above. Great heavens !

From that moment the spirit of Art

seized and wrought upon him. He had tarried and his pentecost had fully come. For months he was in the world but not of it. His subject drew and elevated him to a height of perfection before undreamed. The veil of the holy of holies of his new religion was rent; he was caught up where he heard unspeakable things—unlawful for man to utter. Oh, the joy of it all! He was winning. What he had lost in the casting-out was as dross compared with this his gain. He was getting it all—the gradating, the composition, the lighting, the balance, the vivacity, and, most of all, the low-toned and warm blue greys of the eye.

And now it was done! The long ascent towards fame had been topped. Through his pentecost, he had emerged with the gift of tongues. He had seen, heard, understood. His name low in the left of that masterpiece was safe; and it would be trumpeted forward through the years as long as there was Art. He felt he was avenged upon God and His world.

It was the first evening after the finishing of his work, and at the grand reception. His first glimpse of Rose Le Clare sent an unsettling pang through his being. His colours were now dry; to change was impossible. Better he had looked upon her grave than that he should now see excellencies—or even inexcellencies—he had not seen before. If his lighting were not to advantage, not the best; if he were wrong in his drawings; if—

She was standing in the middle distance lit strongly from above. She was more the woman and less the pupil now. His breath, for the moment, came short and uncertainly. Fear he had erred turned his eyes away, and the next instant hope he had not turned them back again. Would that he had not been able to see! The arm was fuller; he was wrong in the slope of the shoulder. He had missed the subtle melting of the cream of the neck into the crimson of the cheek. And the peep of breast that appeared showed his drawing was

wrong—his lighting disadvantageous and arbitrary.

Something caught at his breath and again pushed his eyes away; but a moment after they had re-found the range. In the interval the breast had gone higher and the light was fuller. As he looked it fell from full to a tone less than half. Now it was almost as he had it; now he was wildly wrong. His eye caught the cheek. It was higher, and since he had looked before there was a tender subtle suffusion of half-light upon the neck. He was dazed, confused, puzzled. Something new must be invented in Art, or the best must be missed. Surely it was beauty. It must be—this ebb and flow of pure breast, this melting out and in of tone on cheek and neck. It was all above, beyond what he or Art had ever dared. With a crushed, defeated feeling he slipped from the room. He went out into the night, and a little later he was facing his great unhung masterpiece.

For some time he looked steadily at it. It did not move; it had no life. There was no flash of eye, no heave of breast, no pulsing blood that gladdened the cheek as streams a desert. There were eyes but they saw not, ears but they heard not, lips but they spake not. It was a dumb thing—the work of a man's hand. But it was ART.

He continued to look for a time—a great long time—lost in the multitude of thoughts that trooped upon him. Was his work as great as he had hoped? Were there no rivals? Was Art enough? The great studio was very quiet; no one came there. The very fulness of his life at the club had but accentuated its emptiness. At his quarters a maid brought him his food. He looked back to the time he had taken his strong, heroic resolve. He had steadily and stoutly maintained the great conflict. He was sure he had been winning—up to a few hours ago. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, had come his great disillusioning. There was another Artist—a greater. And that Artist's masterpiece put the one on the wall to shame; the composition

was finer, the pencil fuller, the distributing rarer. There was an ease of execution and finish, an absence of feebleness or arbitrariness, a delicacy in lighting, a tenderness and sobriety of tone in the creation he had seen that night, which made the work before him ugly and common. Could it be that there were still things he had not learned in the field of Art?

For years he had kept the cold kiss of dead lips fresh upon him. He had left the world of breathing things for another world. But as he looked back he was not sure he had been content. If, through the years, the Angel had him by the hand, the serpent had him by the heart—and he was unsatisfied. They were empty years; he felt he had not fulfilled himself.

He looked again to the masterpiece on the wall. It could not love; it did not need love. It could not minister, nor be ministered unto. It could not laugh, nor suffer—nor sin. He must be denied even the bitter-sweet pleasure of standing some far-off day at its grave. It had no life, no breath, no warmth, no needs. It was a worthless thing; it did not suffice. He rose quickly and turned it roughly towards the wall.

It was several days after, and evening. A leaping hearthfire threw the shadows of two figures on the opposite wall. The man had spoken and was waiting for an answer. The woman's profile was towards him strongly lit from the hearth in front. The drawing had been done with a full sure pencil; the lines that held in the face were exactly where a master would have them. The cheeks and low-toned warm blue-greys of the eyes went high or low according as the fire leaped or sank. Something underneath the breast sent it regularly from light to half-light, then back again.

The woman drew her eyes slowly from the fire and fixed them upon him.

"Yes," she said, simply.

He looked for a time but did not speak. The composition, the balance, the gradating, the tone, quality and movement, the suffusing and distributing were all exquisite. This time, however, it was not the artist but the man who saw. The next instant the irregular band of light between the silhouettes on the wall suddenly disappeared. Her full lips were warm and flower-soft.

He gave up the quarrel with God.



#### A MESSAGE OF AUTUMN.

THE restless heart of the forest stirs;  
A summer has passed away;  
Winds make wild music among the firs  
Proclaiming Autumn's sway.

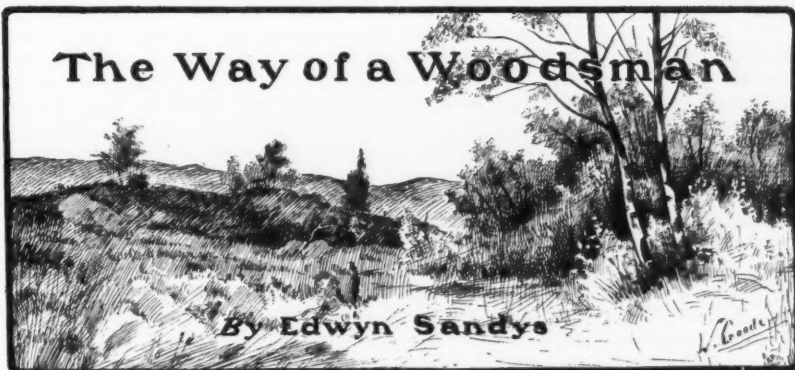
New joys, new sorrows, perhaps wild unrest,  
May stir in the bosom of one;  
Another rejoices, another is blest,  
Another seems left undone.

But for all is there not a hope runs thro'  
The loudness of Autumn wild,  
The changing leaves and crisp clear blue,  
That show her Summer's child?

Whispers there are of a gracious will,  
A will above our own,  
Murmuring clearly "Peace, be still!"  
Above the winds' wild tone.

*H. H. Macdonald.*

## The Way of a Woodsman



By Edwyn Sandys

A THOROUGH knowledge of woodcraft may upon occasion prove of inestimable value. In a country like ours, with its constantly extending borderline of activity, its possibilities in remote sections and its shifting of population as new fields are rendered accessible, the woodsman, be he genuine explorer, or mere sportsman, is a mighty useful person. As a man of quick resource and trained skill he is the best of people for any emergency, as an odd little experience of my own may attest.

Many moons ago, it was my good fortune to travel to the picturesque wilds of the Badger State. The object of the expedition was sport; the results of it were, to say the least, dazzling. My temporary headquarters was at the flourishing city of Eau Claire, where, after certain citizens had fairly shown their hands in the game of taking in the stranger, I was not sure if the State of Wisconsin was not a portion of Ontario.

Be that as it may, I passed many delightful days while waiting for the opening of the shooting season. Between the driving and fishing, the tennis and the teas, the erstwhile hard-conditioned Canuck rounded out like a pet spaniel, fit only to nose among the fleshpots.

Naturally enough, there were cliques among the social elements, and to one of these I presently found myself attached by right of discovery and con-

quest. I didn't do any of the conquering either. On the contrary, and frequently it was *very* contrary, the victor was a petite, red-headed person of the sister sex, who merely looked the new-comer over, decided he would do for the present, then led him into camp and chained him to the tent pole. As she didn't abuse him too much and fed and watered him regularly, the captive wisely concluded he might as well be there as anywhere else, so he neither attempted to break the chain nor choke himself with the collar. As it also happened that the R. H. person was irrevocably wedded to a wealthy and indulgent mortal who openly trusted and encouraged her in the pursuit of happiness, everything was simply heavenly.

Two other members of the coterie must be mentioned in despatches. Now first the "Her," as she was generally dubbed. A distant relative of the R. H. person, she had the glowing crown to perfection, and she wore it with a grace which defied albino steeds and all kindred nonsense. She had other possessions, too, which render her brand particularly dangerous among inflammables: a peculiar creamy skin which defies tan, a colour which only shows under excitement, and a pair of eyes mysteriously dark, yet flashing now and then with a spark worthy of rare old wine. Add to these a trim, slender figure, feline in its grace and suggestive of supple strength, and you have a fair

idea of Her. And, mind you, Her had a pretty fair idea of all these things too.

Now for the other, whom we had termed "The Yearling." His was a type to be found in only one country of all the known earth. Rich, more or less indolent, a second son with a remote chance of a minor title, he had (I suspect) been shipped to various parts presumably that he might learn sense, ostensibly, in the present instance, that he might familiarize himself with lumbering operations. As every one densely ignorant of lumbering knows, the latter part of August and the first part of September form an ideal period for research along this line. Needless to say "Yearling" had done famously. He had spent a month in a lumber city, been elected a member of the Club which everybody knew was supported by lumber kings; he had seen the marks on the big trees left by a freshet caused by a log-jam, and he had seen Her and at once shot the chute and now lay in the pocket ready to be sawed, dressed and shipped according to her whim.

In person he was not unpleasing, while by no means impressive. His figure was good, what there was of it; his hair was almost white and looked whiter by contrast with a high colour, partly natural and partly sunburned. His features were regular, but his best possessions were a pair of frank grey eyes, a big mouth with even, snowy teeth, and just enough suggestion of squareness about the jaw to redeem the face from weakness. Unruly citizens had spoken of him as a "White Mouse," a "White Rabbit," and a "Pet Kitten," but, as frequently happens, the judgment of the citizens was slightly askew. He could sing a bit and stumble through his own accompaniments on the piano, while his speaking voice was unmistakable.

"You've sung in a choir as a youngster, and I know your Alma Mater," was my inward comment during our first meeting.

Boyishly frank and generous, sudden in his likes and dislikes, Yearling took a violent fancy to me.

"Oh! I say, *cut* the infernal Mister—I'm *The Yearling* you know!" was his emphatic remark the second day of our acquaintance, so as there was no danger of making a bull of it, I gave him the junior title.

Within a week we had become great friends, for we had many tastes in common. Briton-like he loved long tramps; and as I was interested in the grouse covers, we searched them far and wide. He soon made up his mind that I knew more about American game than he did, and with a very un-British method he set himself to learn. It transpired that he was extremely sensitive over his real and imagined shortcomings, and I wondered why. To be candid, he was an entirely new type of Lion's whelp, and my passing interest speedily developed into a genuine friendship.

"You appear to be gettin' pretty thick with the Rabbit, don't you now?" remarked a prosperous and slightly ignorant citizen at the Club one evening. "I can't abide that feller," he continued, "he's so durn meachin in his ways, 'an he can't talk United States."

"Oh! he's all right," I replied. "He's no queerer here than you'd be where he came from. Give him a chance—he'll learn all right."

"I'll lay odds he *don't*," was the emphatic reply. "Whatever they send them durn things our here fur beats me."

"Now, see here; what's he done wrong?" I retorted. "He pays his way, he's always polite and friendly, he's not at all bad-looking, he dresses well, he doesn't squeal when he loses to you fellows in a game he doesn't half understand, and he interferes with nobody. He doesn't treat a houseful of people every time he takes a drink, but that's the proper caper in his crowd at home. You people treat me like a prince; he's no more foreign than I am, why the difference?"

"Aw, go on!" was the reply—"You're huskey, you don't talk mushy—sides you're just the same as we are—it'll be all one country 'fore long."



"Don't be too sure of that," I replied, "and so long as you fellows pick on Englishmen you'll only delay the game. This running a fellow down because he talks like a cultivated gentleman, in fact talks as your own college men try to talk, is prejudice, nothing more. You'd all understand him if he said—"Hev a drink! would'nt you."

"Bully!" ejaculated the critic. "It's on me—what'll you have?" "And, he added contemplatively—"I don't know that the Rabbit ever done me any harm at that."

And so it befell that this citizen got so he could tolerate the Rabbit—yea! even speak a good word for him now and then, and thereby convert other citizens. In one thing, however, as I afterwards learned, they all agreed. There was trouble coming for the Canuck and the Rabbit. "Just wait till that sorrel top takes a decided cant one way and there'll be music—England'll have a dummed uncivil war on her hands—you'll see!" said the wise men, and they waited.

Something of this no doubt filtered to the Yearling, and one night he opened his heart.

He wriggled and chewed his cigar for a bit and then remarked:

"I'm going away next week!"

"What the deuce for—and for how long?" I queried.

"Forever!" he slowly replied.

"Why! You condemned—" I stuttered—"I—I thought—" then I roared out laughing for the expression on his face was something irresistible. In a moment, however, a thought suggested nasty possibilities and I muzzled my mirth and looked steadily at him. He was hurt and I saw it.

"Did she refuse you?" was my delightfully blunt query.

"No, she did not, but she might just as well have done so."

"Did you ask her?"

"No I didn't—I knew a jolly sight better after the dose I got."

"What was the dose?"

"You!"

It was going as a pistol shot, and for

a moment I could only stare at him as if he had seven heads. Then I did some rapid thinking, the more rapid because his eye was fixed on me in a fashion I did not altogether relish. Finally I said—"Yearling, play fair—you're all wrong."

"But—but" he stammered.

"Never mind your 'buts,' though they're natural enough, for you surely are the yearlingest yearling ever I saw."

"But she said it plain as woman could," he protested.

"Said what? You're a fool! D'ye 'spose she'd say anything of the sort, especially to you—Yearling. I've a notion to mash your infernal thick skull. "What did she say?"

"Well," he muttered, "we got talking about people and she described her ideal man. He was big and tall and very dark—a proper contrast to her, you know. He was an athlete and a sportsman, and a bit of an artist; if he were a writer, so much the better—she adored authors—and one thing he must not be was a musician. She hated musicians. But, most important of all—he must be a woodsman. She worshipped woodsmen. She fancied that reading the Leather Stocking tales had biased her taste when younger—anyway, she positively adored all the old scouts and guides from Boone to Buffalo Bill, and if her choice could not be a woodsman, or at least a modern sportsman who knew something of the wilds, she'd stop single—that was all. That was enough for me! not being a natural born fool, I knew whom she meant and that she was trying to steer me off the rocks, so I came away as soon as possible. I bear no malice," he continued bravely, while his voice shook, "it's been a fair game and I'm the loser, only I didn't know—I never dreamed—oh! dammit all!—I'm a fool anyway!"

"Yes, Yearling, you are," I replied. In fact you're more different kinds of fool rolled together than I've seen for some time. Do you know anything of dreams—of winds—of ocean currents—or of women? Let's see—she was

frankly honest, brutally, frankly honest—sure! She liked *big, tall men—dark men for contrast—athletes and sportsmen, writers, artists*, above all *woods-men*—yes, she *likes* them sure enough, that's the trouble—but she doesn't *love* them—not by a jugful. When it gets right down to *loving* she would probably prefer some natural born blonde British fool, with a skull so thick that he couldn't fathom her speech, nor her drift. She *said* one thing, but what she *meant* was this—

"I'm speaking with girlish frankness, but I'm a woman, and I only speak frankly of those about whom I care nothing much—my heart secrets are my own till I hear from the right quarter, and I'd die before I'd let him even guess in advance. I *say* big, tall, dark men—I mean a small, blonde duffer—you! I *hate* musicians—you sing poorly and play worse—you'll do! I *like* artists, writers, *et al.* but I *love* you—you tow-headed baby, with your funny little ways, and if ever you pluck up courage to tell me what ails you, I'll—I'll—well, I'll think it over."

"Now, see here, Yearling," I continued, "you've made one hideous error. Why the dickens didn't you plump it out and be done with it? She gave you a bully chance and in your benighted imagination you ran cunning. You suspected your friend and suspected the lady, and, as suspicion means trying to find out something you don't want to know, you immediately grabbed at the wrong string and as a natural consequence raised a discord. Meanwhile she's laughing—that's all, and if you've the first grain of horse-sense, you'll let her laugh a few days. It's hard to keep on laughing all by oneself, and the other tap is close by. It'll get turned on by mistake before long—then she'll wonder what's come of you, then she'll get mad, then nervous and worried over the fact that may be she was foolish, then she'll get the don't-care dream, then a cold fit will strike her and she'll freeze you half to death when you go back—for you're going back. Then you'll have an uncomfortable half

hour, after which, if you're skilful and wily you'll suddenly go up in the air with joy. But you are neither skilful nor wily, but merely a stream-checking fool, so she'll torture you good and plenty—make you hot and cold, and mad and miserable for what she considers long enough, and then finally by the merest accident she'll wring a few straightforward words out of you. Then you'll get home late and hunt me up and treat, and act like one parent of a mule. And your tie'll be crooked and your vest full of face powder, and after I've noticed all these things, you'll start in to tell me a grand secret!"

"How the deuce did you learn all that—or are you just cramming?" queried the Yearling.

"On the trail, my boy," I replied—"on the cold trail of the past, when I was like a certain Yearling. 'Twas a mixed trail too and a long one, for your young doe steps light and fast and frequently mixes her trail out of sheer devilry and playfulness. But I trailed her steadily and warily, over ice and snow, church matting, waxed floors and soundless carpets."

"But you didn't get her?" remarked the Yearling.

"Evidently I did not," I replied; "she doubled and got another doe to cross her track—they sometimes do that when they're a bit tired, you know. Then I ran the new track for a bit, then another one crossed it, and so it went. At that time I was about as big a fool as you are now, so after having done a lot of useless work, I concluded that bucks were good enough for me. All the does I had seen appeared to prefer some other style of hunter. At least I guessed they did, and perhaps once or twice guessed wrong."

"And you got hit all right?" lisped the Yearling, as he stared in owl-like wisdom.

"The best way to learn to spar is to tackle an expert."

"And she was an expert?"

"They were experts—most of them are. She fought foul."

"Whe-e-w! What did you do?"

"Got licked and got sense—that is after a while."

"But—I don't quite understand."

"May you never, and to save you from a rather painful course of sprouts I'll help you out now. You say the woodsman card is a winner—well, you must make some sort of a hit in that line."

"But, my dear chap, I positively can't!"

"Yes you can—you get the madame to make up a camping party out on Elk Mound. She'll understand—she's been there before—in fact, she likes the place for she met her spouse there. You and I will go out the day before with the camp outfit. We'll lay out the camp, or rather I will, pitch tents and all, then we'll pull it all down and repack. You'll have learned all about it, and when the party arrives in the morning, I'll be off trout fishing while you make camp. You'll be just starting as they arrive and you'll tell them we slept in the grass for one night. You'll order the other chaps about and make them do all the work, and when you are through the women will be delighted and so astonished by your skill that they'll give you ten times more credit than you're entitled to. You'll make a hit—do you savvy?"

Yearling liked the idea immensely, and the fool game actually was carried out. The Elk Mound—the camp site—was one of two odd and doubtless artificial mounds which lay about one half mile apart. Past them ran a capital trout brook, on one side of which all was rolling prairie, while upon the other began the huge pine woods in which even a cruiser might get lost. The second mound was a bit higher than ours, but the trees on the crest were poor, hence our choice.

Everything worked finely. Yearling got his lesson and acquitted himself so well before the ladies that even I was amazed by his nerve. She evidently was impressed and she treated her cavalier with all the consideration due the hero of the hour.

"Say, old chap, you're a trump!" quoth the Yearling, as he smote me

on the back with one hand and passed me a B. and S. with the other. "It's sneaky, but it's worth it!" he continued, "we've bamboozled the entire lot—even me Ladye Faire smiles now upon me—upon *me*, the expert! Oh! how farcical, yet how rich!" he concluded, as he grinned with unholy joy.

"The good blacksmith knows when the iron's right!" was my only comment, at which he winked sagaciously. But the blacksmith didn't strike any metal that day, nor the next.

Feminine innocence hath a way with it which can snarl up more male tactics in a minute than an ordinary thick-headed man can unravel during a conscientiously profane month. Why she did it I cannot even guess; but there came a sudden coyness, a sticking close to the others, and, as a natural consequence, a complete baffling of Yearling's tireless efforts to coax her far from the madding. Yearling cursed under his breath and stuck to his task.

Then came the inevitable! It always comes and I suppose it always will. I was going fishing, and lo! she pinned me with an ease and grace which fairly took away my breath. She'd go along—and her chaperone-relative fairly beamed on us and said "Go ahead."

"You planned that—you witch!" was my inward comment as I glanced at the chaperone. The twinkle in her eye was wondrous eloquent, and I marvelled. But "I learned about women from Her."

It was a great fishing trip. Yearling was mooning around the camp, the lady never was more fascinating and affable, and I had a great time. We caught a few fish, too! Along toward evening we reached the best (most remote) pool, and somehow the conversation drifted towards the Yearling. Now She had scarified that young gentleman more than once during our chatter. So finally, slowly and warily, I began to run him down.

It worked! I hadn't more than half got through with him before she was up in arms in defence of the absent. Womanlike, she laid on and spared

not—in fact, she said a deal more than my idle criticism called for. But in the middle of a red-hot rally she suddenly remembered something, and I almost jerked the head off a wretched small trout in the effort to conceal unholy mirth. We managed to get home on speaking terms, and found Yearling very, very gloomy. Nor was his gloom dispelled by her thrilling description of our trip. Never had she so enjoyed herself, never had she dreamed there was so much in trout fishing, and never was such a guide as your humble servant. I looked at her in mute wonder. Had the time been so heavenly? 'Peared to me it had been just ordinary, with pretty near a scrap at one point. Feeling somehow I'd let chances pass me by, and checking a wild impulse to invite her to go over the ground again by moonlight, I moved away.

Presently to me came Yearling and unburdened his soul. It was exactly as he had thought! Any fool could tell by her talk that she'd had the time of her life, and he evidently wasn't at all necessary to her happiness. He'd go into town next day—in fact, he was a blank fool for ever coming out! etc., etc., to all of which I answered, "Tommyrot!" But in order that everybody should surely get what was coming to them, I forbore to mention her attack on me in his defence.

That night I had an inspiration. A totally unexpected smile had made the Yearling forget his resolve to break away, so I asked him to go fishing instead. As might have been expected, he talked about the lady, and when he got about one-eighth through, I sprang my plan.

"Yearling, you've got to get lost—no shinanigan about it, *lost* you must get!"

"But, but," he stammered, "what's the good of *me* getting lost? She wouldn't care a hang."

"Yes she would, too!" I replied, "for she'll be in it. The pair of you will get jolly well lost. There'll be a divil of a shindy—everybody scared stiff—chaperone frantic—appeal to

me—and 'long 'bout midnight——"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Don't interrupt! 'Long about midnight—for I daren't string it till daylight, though I'd like to, matters will have become desperate. Savvy? Well, then I—me—the woodsman, will start upon thy trail. You'll hear a pistol shot, you'll answer. After twenty minutes you'll hear another—and you'll answer. Any old time after that—which means as soon as the young lady has accepted you—I'll hear shots—all that's left in your gun—three in rapid succession. Then I'll get a move on and find you.

"But suppose I can't get her lost?" he ventured.

"Can't even dream such an absurdity," I retorted. "Faint heart always lost fair lady. You could lose a convent or a W.C.T.U. and not half try!"

He grinned, for he was game enough, and the poison was working.

"Just how?" he queried, after a few moments of solemn puffing.

"Like this. There stands the wood like a black wall. All beyond that is heavy timber. Along the edge runs our stream to a point near two miles below. I've been there; none of the others know the lay of things. Half a mile in the timber is another stream exactly like this first one, and between the two the land forms a big ridge, like the roof of a barn. Now, you'll lead her down this first stream to the point where it begins to curve well into the woods. You can fish here and there on the way—important to keep up appearances, you know. Don't for your life talk any nonsense *en route*—get lost first.

"There's a rough bit down there, and, under pretence of cutting off bad going, you'll bear away to the left, over the rise, and down to the other stream. See?"

"If she questions your knowledge, tell her I showed you the way—but she'll never know the difference. Work along upstream till you come to a big pool with a great rock in the centre. On the rock is a lunch paper with a stone

holding it—but you can't make a mistake. If she has been doubting—tell her it's my paper. When you're at the pool you will be exactly opposite camp. This, rightly timed, will be near sunset. You'll eat and have a nip. Meanwhile the sun will be attending to business and the instant he touches the big hills, your valley will begin to darken with amazing celerity.

"She'll get a bit anxious about the return trip—they're all a trifle nervous. You'll waste time explaining how far it is by the back track, and it getting darker every minute. You'll explain how much wiser it is to stop where you are and to signal me. She'll object—naturally—then you'll fire the first shot and get answered. Then she'll at once realize the necessity for sticking to the pool, for I'll be coming to the shot. You'll swear it will be all right, and you'll make a small fire and roast a couple of trout. If this small fire turns into a permanent flame, or merely serves to cook your goose, will be your personal business!"

The Yearling fairly chortled with glee, and after I had made him go over every point, and had fully impressed him with the necessity of strict adherence to every detail, we turned homeward.

How well it worked!—How well it always works when two clever rascals combine against one poor, weak woman. To-day, through the mists of years I can see myself sitting in the twilight waiting for the first shot, while through the dusty corridors of time comes the echo of my own voice saying as it said then—"Yearling—you'll kill me yet—you white-headed English ass!"

Well! It all came off according to programme. The signals were exchanged—earlier than might have been. I sneaked into the cover and *cat-footed* over the ridge and finally ended up behind a mighty pine. He'd built the fire all right, but he'd made it bigger than I'd have made it, and the pair sat where no woodsman would have sat when prowling foes might be about. Each free hand held a switch and on

each switch was impaled a trout. As I looked they nibbled at their trout—then they nibbled at each other—and to me it seemed their faces were covered all over with trout and bliss!

I backed off till my foot found a dead branch which I seized and snapped twice. The cracks fairly ripped the silence and the pair bounced apart as folks will under those circumstances.

"I sa-ay—ole—chap—that—you?"

The Yearling's voice had a new ring—but considering everything a new ring was absolutely necessary.

A social ordeal, at which I was the best man and felt the worst. A trip over sea, a triumph over the home people—a lapse of time, occasional letters—a marked paper, (a boy)—a godfather by proxy—an important letter, a return to Wisconsin, another camping party, this time with Her as chaperone and the boy as evidence—a confidential chat when the others were scattered—the explosion of a mine—the retort in kind and we were quits.

She was happy as a lark and maternity had but ripened her beauty. "He's a king," she said softly, as we lounged on the mound with the heir sprawling on his rug between us. "But what unmitigated fools you men are!" she continued with a joyous chuckle.

"If he was a fool to get it, he'll be a bigger fool if ever he loses it," I ventured.

"I don't mean *that*—but the *way* of it all!" she retorted as she burst out laughing.

"How so?" I asked.

"See that other mound?" she queried—"Well, from the top of that, with a glass you can count the grass blades on this one. The day you and Dearie sneaked out here before the camp, "Coz" and I followed in the trap. Coz vowed you were up to something, so she insisted upon going to the other mound. We saw you working away—pulling things up and taking them down. We laughed at Dearie—he was so funny! Coz solved the riddle and we slipped away home. Later



on we laughed ourselves sick. Oh! you men are so wise! Then came the fishing trip—and that fool game of hide-and-seek! Oh! I'll choke—I know I'll—*don't* look *so* like a *fool*! You'll kill me you dear old *idjit!*!"

I pretty near landed on the baby at the end of my ecstatic war-dance, then I went back at her.

"And the fire—Oh! lovely Her—how 'bout the fire?"

She caught her breath and her big eyes sparkled with a sudden light.

"I've often wondered," she said slowly and softly.

"See those two pines against the sky?" I questioned artlessly.

"Does he—or will he ever know?" she asked according to her woman's privilege.

"Never!"



THE STAR OF VIRTUE.

THE star that trembles on the height,  
Faint glow-worm of the summer night,  
Seems now to tarry o'er the lea,  
To shine like faint light under sea.

And though its light is not eterne,  
Though destined not for e'er to burn  
But be extinguished some far day,  
Yet shall its light cease down the way?

Each deed of virtue, like a star  
That lights the voyager from afar,  
Serves as prophecy of dawn—  
That each good lives and travels on.

Each golden deed is fain to be  
A circle of eternity.  
All virtue struggles forth and then  
To reach itself, it turns again.

What though my holy deed be done?  
Its gentle light has now begun  
To trail one tiny thread of gold  
Around all hearts, both young and old.

What though my virtue be forgot  
And suffer with the common lot?  
My deed's first light still lives and moves,  
Unto the dawn that God approves.

*Inglis Morse.*

## In the Secret Service

By Robert Buckley

### EPISODE III.—THE MYSTERIOUS RUSSIAN.

IT took a sheer hour to get Hallam off his garden talk one evening. Never was heard such a lecture on the various sorts of celery, and the proper way to propagate the species. Yet I only remembered that he sowed the seeds himself, and disdained to buy young plants, as some less ambitious amateur gardeners were wont to do, and that he regarded good celery as an uncommonly delicious luxury, and only second to cold tea and cream.

"And yet," he said, "the Continentals, who think themselves civilized, know nothing of celery except as a flavour to soup. The barbarians! The Germans and Russians don't know it with bread and cheese, and, what is more, they have no rhubarb tarts!"

I expressed my sympathy for the benighted lands that knew neither rhubarb nor the right use of celery.

"They certainly know a few other things," mused Hallam. "In point of intellectual subtlety they are, perhaps, our equals. Though comparatively weak in gardening, they produce some tough customers in what may be called my own professional line. Yet, once or twice, I have scored against them. An amusing instance took place, here, in London, not so very long ago."

"A case of diamond cut diamond?" I inquired.

"We scored, certainly; but the thing was not particularly difficult. It seemed that a Mysterious Stranger was staying at an hotel in one of the streets running from the Strand to the Embankment; call it the Don Hotel if you will; a quiet, unpretentious place, in the very centre of the city, yet not conspicuous.

"There is no need to trouble you with the origin of the suspicion attaching to the eminently respectable, bald-headed gentleman, who had two rooms in the uppermost regions of the 'Don.' Suspicions there were of a grave character, and it fell to my lot to tackle the affair. The problem was threefold. To what country did the bald head belong? What was the nature of his business? Who were his confederates? The eminent Minister from whom I had my instructions did not drop one syllable that could be construed into a direct suggestion; but when he propounded the first query, to what country did he belong? I thought his eye strayed towards a large map of Russia.

"Some work had already been done; a common or garden detective had made a report, of which the substance was as follows: (1) The gentleman in question spoke good English, but with a decided foreign accent; (2) He professed to be French; (3) He gave out that he was engaged on a light and sketchy book on England and the English; (4) He had been particular in choosing his rooms, which were at the very top of the house, the one used as his sitting-room being next the street and entered through his bedroom, an arrangement made by himself, in order (he said) to secure quiet for study and writing; (5) He was visited at irregular intervals by three different people, as follows: A foreign gentleman, of distinguished manner, aged 33 to 36; an old professor of languages, aged 64 to 68; and a French priest, aged 40 to 44. Each called once or twice a week. The mysterious stranger seldom stirred abroad; his

name was entered in the hotel accounts as M. A. Saval, and some letters addressed Adolphe Saval, Esq., had reached him; none of them were from abroad. A few telegrams had arrived addressed 'Saval, Don Hotel,' but their contents had been of the most ordinary character—'Will call at 5,' and 'Unable to call to-day' were fair samples of the 'wires.' To have read these telegrams was the principal triumph of the Scotland Yard detective.

"It was, however, clear that grave suspicion of some kind existed, or why should I have been asked to investigate personally? Of course, I had to formulate a working hypothesis. Scientists adopt this plan of procedure. When they observe phenomena which do not square with their knowledge, they make to themselves a supposition and try to fit facts to it. If they fit all round, well and good. If not, the supposition is either entirely wrong, or at least must be modified to suit the facts as they transpire. You see the idea?"

I said that it would doubtless be convenient to suppose something to begin with.

"Having evolved a plan of campaign I sent Morland round to see things and this time he had an easy task. All he had to do was to stand near the steps of the 'Don' and sell flowers. He was a very pretty flower-girl, and, apart from the work in which he was directly engaged, made interesting discoveries as to the moral character of certain respectable citizens and others of the sort who are entirely above suspicion. His task was to find out what he could about the three visitors, and Upton, who lounged about, an out-of-elbows fellow looking for work, was to follow them to their respective lairs.

"On the fourth day they sent in their joint report. The three visitors were one and the same person, a fact discovered by their respective heels."

This was new to me. "Why by their heels?" I asked.

"For several excellent reasons, and I may say that I am glad you asked

the question, for the invention (if I may use the word) is my own. First, note that the face may be skillfully disguised, the figure, even, may be made up. You may be looking for a young man, you see an old man with white hair; you may seek a thin man, and a stout man may pass unsuspected. But I never yet met with anyone clever enough to disguise his feet.

"Not that I am guided by their shape alone. There is the angle at which they spread outward from the heel, or turn in at the toe; there is the general hang of the body from the heel upward; the general swing and contour of motion and the walk—a very complicated process is the walk, when minutely observed. And as no two blades of grass are alike, so no two walks resemble each other, or if there be resemblance they are still distinguishable. A trained observer would soon know men as well by their heels as by their faces, if he could only see them walk. Bless me, how expressive the feet are; meanness, generosity, caution, boldness, all are there for those who have eyes to see!"

"And so you spotted the three in one by means of his heels?"

"Upton did. He said he had only looked at the heels and the place they went to. As to the bodies he had not been observant, but he was prepared to swear that the three visitors of M. Adolphe Saval used one and the same pair of feet. That's Upton's style of wit. Upton and Morland, bless me, where should I be without them? Where would the Service be?"

"Well, the heels belonged to a keen-looking foreigner, who to cover his repeated visits to M. Saval, assumed three different characters. So far, good. We were getting on. But why did he visit the 'Don,' why did he aim at secrecy, and what was his business? were three vital questions that still remained unanswered. He lodged in queer diggings in High Street, Borough, and called himself M. Jules Aise, affecting French nationality. His business was understood to be pleasure. Like M. Saval, he was studying the morals

and manners of the mad English; in fact, they were both ostensibly emulating Mr. Max O'Rell, as M. Paul Blouet calls himself.

"The real person, as distinguished from the three characters adopted, was about thirty-five years old, and in point of appearance was far superior to his lodgings. His landlord was named Schiffer, which is German. Many Russians have German names, and close inquiry revealed the fact that though Schiffer passed for German, he was Russian to the core.

"Now we found that M. Aise was a singularly slippery customer. For days he failed to appear. Traced to his diggings he was temporarily lost. He would vanish for a week at a time, and though the watcher in charge was ready to take oath Aise had not left the house, he continued his visits to Saval exactly as before! Of course, we soon spotted the dodge. He left by a cellar grating which was hidden by a huge hen-coop, into which he scrambled and from which he looked to see if the coast was clear. Then he climbed a wall, and by means of devious windings reached the Thames and so got away. He probably suspected that his movements were under surveillance. When we discovered this piece of innocent deceit we determined to let him deceive us as much as he liked, and keeping the first watcher in his old position, we traced M. Aise to—where do you think? Woolwich and the vicinity of

the Arsenal. There the thing became interesting. I began to see daylight.

"At Woolwich he spent much time in walking about with a charming lady who seemed to meet him casually, and to be on intimate but respectful terms. Lucky dog! He had no other business in the neighbourhood that we could trace, nor did he ever speak ten words to any other person. Sometimes the pair took tea together in the coffee room of an unexceptionable hotel, and though the

lady was tolerably young, and decidedly charming, the attentions of M. Aise were apparently only such as might be expected from a brother, or from a polite commercial dealing with a lady customer. If not a case of love, was it a matter of business?

"Two more solid facts: the lady was called Miss Jessie Brown she was a teacher of music and languages in a High School for ladies not far away, and was said to be of English parentage though born and reared abroad. Setting a watch on M. Aise and the charming Jessie, I thus dealt, for the

moment, with fact Number One. Fact Number Two was suggestive. M. Aise, in some one of his Three Characters invariably paid a visit to M. Saval at the 'Don Hotel' immediately after he had enjoyed the society of the lovely Miss Brown of Woolwich. Put all the discoveries I have enumerated together, and you will see that the plot was thickening.

"At this juncture the problem as-



"The Charming Jessie."

sumed a definite form, and was simply stated thus : What did Aise and Saval talk about ? The question was more easily asked than answered. You know that Saval's sitting-room was at the top of the hotel, that it looked out on the street, and that his bedroom was between it and the corridor. There was no listening at the door ! What did Aise tell Saval ? The answer to that question would decide several things, and would besides indicate the direction in which to look for the confederates, if any.

"Like other hotel-keepers, the proprietors of the 'Don' had an arrangement with a builder whereby the latter contracted to keep the place in repair, and, accordingly, no one was surprised when they observed a bricklayer busy on the roof. I came and went (for I was that industrious bricklayer) without let or hindrance, the very proprietor himself unconscious of my unskilfulness with trowel and mortar. The roof was large ; repair was always in order, and better take things in time than wait for serious leakage. Only the builder who was supposed to send me received a hint from an official whose influence was sufficient. Dressed in well-worn corduroys and reeking with mortar, I climbed from the top corridor of the 'Don' through a trap-door designed to act as a sort of fire-escape, and scrambled out on the tiles. It was a painful moment. One slip and the Service would have lost an ornament, while the newspapers found a paragraph, and the newsboys would gloat over good business as they shouted, 'Orrible death of a bricklayer !'

"I had to choose my time, for old Saval was hardly ever out. But one afternoon he had taken hat and stick and walked off towards Trafalgar Square, and in a jiffy I was up and had a neat hole through the roof just large enough to admit the end of the india-rubber tube which was coiled round my body under the waistcoat. The other end was taken to a group of chimneys that afforded shelter and protection, and moreover allowed me to sit comfortably and effectually con-

cealed, holding my end of the tube to my best ear.

"I tell you the game needs patience, as well as a few other trifling qualifications. I remained there all night. To have come down late in the evening would have looked awry, for your bricklayer does not stay over working hours out of sheer enthusiasm. And to make sure that nothing was suspected, Upton, as a bricklayer's hodman, called at seven o'clock, and was told I had gone long before, a natural assumption, though, of course, nobody had seen me leave. Upton came again next morning, and climbing out on the tiles gave me needed food and drink. The work was most trying, and though the weather was dry and warm, that terrible long night on the tiles with the amatory Tom-cat and his song of love will long linger on the shelves of memory.

"Upton brought good news. M. Aise had spent a couple of hours at Woolwich with Miss Brown, and as visits to Saval always followed these meetings, it looked as though I should not have long to wait. Upton stayed on the roof to keep the pot a-bilin', while I took rest and change elsewhere, returning at five in the afternoon so as to be ready for Aise, who generally visited Saval in the evening.

"He came, and the tube worked wonderfully well, though it had one defect. I could not see the two worthies whose conversation interested me so much. The language was Russian, and here my two years in St. Petersburg worked like a charm. In five minutes the whole thing was clear as crystal. Saval was a Russian spy ; Aise was another, in a subordinate position, and bit by bit, they were between them compiling and tabulating every particular concerning our guns, our shells, our stores, our high explosives, and, in short, everything we wished to keep secret. How I smiled when I recognized my own favourite pursuit—next to gardening.

"Problem Number One being solved, two others presented themselves. Where did Aise obtain his



information, and, how could we get hold of the tabulated statements which the bald-headed and urbane M. Saval (as he called himself) would doubtless transmit to St. Petersburg when complete?

"Proceeding, we found that Miss Brown was not Miss Brown at all, but really a Miss Rosomsky, born of

more proved beyond doubt that age sometimes brings increased ardour and that the oldest fools are the biggest fools, had been employed in the arsenal from his childhood, and though we may as well avoid direct allusion to his department, I may say that he was in a position to give everything away had he been so minded.



"Old Saval was blowing a meditative cigar near Cleopatra's Needle, when three men set on him."

Russian parents in England, and, as it seemed, a successful, because a totally unsuspected agent of the Russian Secret Service. We also discovered that she had accepted the addresses of a man old enough to be her father, and here we dropped on the key of the whole mystery. This sighing swain of sixty, this infatuated lover who once

"I went over to reckon him up. It was an easy task. Though in his time a valuable servant, his day was really past, and, moreover, as to worldly knowledge he was a perfect baby in arms. His whole life and intellect had been absorbed by his department, and until now, it was said, he had never been in love with a woman! Well

might he have it so severely! Miss Brown had noticed him; had flattered him; had, in short, encouraged in his senile brain thoughts befitting the brain of twenty. And even for sixty he was an old man, used up physically and mentally. Thus it was that the lady's systematic and skilful pumping had been regularly productive of valuable results. She was so deeply interested in all that interested him! And would they not be married in a few months; and were not man and wife as one?

"Such was the stuff the poor old fellow faltered when the thing he had done was made known to him. Poor old Peter; he was only retired a little earlier, while the lovely cause of his troubles disappeared. She was able to laugh at us, if she liked. We could not punish her in any way.

"With respect to Aise and Saval we decided that to unravel the Gordian knot would be sheer waste of time, and accordingly we cut it. Aise was suddenly arrested on a trumped-up charge and his rooms carefully examined in his temporary absence. A number of papers were confiscated and destroyed, nearly all being in the handwriting of the intellectual Miss 'Brown,' whose knowledge of chemistry and the composition of high explosives did honour to her bringing-up.

"As for Saval, he nearly baffled us, for though we found means of searching his room as only trained experts can search, the tabulated record, compiled so laboriously, could not be found. I concluded that he carried it about with him, but as there was reason to believe that his arrest might

lead to diplomatic complications, taking him into custody by mistake and searching him would not answer, to say nothing of the fact that a bare-faced collaring of the document would have been a clumsy expedient, and one we should have found it hard to explain. There was, however, another way. *I had him robbed.*"

"Robbed?" I echoed.

"Just robbed; that's all. Strange things can take place in London even on the Thames Embankment in the dusk of a summer evening. Old Saval was blowing a meditative cigar near Cleopatra's Needle, when three men set on him, and in two minutes despoiled him of everything he possessed, purse, watch, and—ahem, papers! 'Where were the police?' was asked by the newspapers. I know!"

"So do I," was my answer, and we both laughed heartily.

"Thus," he resumed, "we secured the tables and statistics which represented the patient toil of months, and which, having regard to the circumstances under which they were compiled, were very admirable. How much Saval and his coadjutors remembered I cannot tell; not much I think. Our operation was successful in every way. No one was offended; no complaint was made by the Russian officials in London of outrage on their countrymen. The real business of the Mysterious Stranger was discovered, his collection of facts destroyed, and the source of his information closed for ever. I forgot to say that from the description Saval gave of his assailants they would appear to have been of about the height and build of Upton, Morland, and—myself.



#### EPISODE IV.—PARIS AND AN ANARCHIST PLOT.

A WEEK elapsed between the story of the mysterious Russian and Hallam's next visit, a fact which was clearly indicative of absence on active service. On the eighth evening his familiar tap came to my garden window, and shortly my friend was in his

usual place, and in the enjoyment of his usual frugal luxuries.

"Paris," he said, by way of explanation. And though he was in the act of sipping his chosen beverage, his look expressed distaste, almost disgust. I led him on at once.

"Lovely Paris, eh? Most fascinating city in the world," said I.

Hallam made several smoke-rings before replying. He is an adept at the art, which he learned at Bonn when fighting his way through that charming seat of learning thirty years ago. He declares that fencing, smoking, and German were all the accomplishments he acquired, as though these were not sufficient triumphs of a University career. When the rings reached the mystic number of seven, and the last had dissolved on the ceiling, he said:—

"I detest Paris. The surface is fair, the depths are foul beyond description. The rottenness of the Empire runs to Paris, and everything that flourishes on feculence is naturally attracted there."

"Still, there is refinement and culture?"

"Side by side with degradation, cruelty, brutality. Ah! Paris is the place for the Anarchist! There he is at home; there he finds his needful environment. He won't grow in London, nor, for that matter, in England. A spirit of fair play in the atmosphere kills him."

"He can't find a following of men groaning under injustice and wrong?" I suggested.

"That is so. Yet for that very reason, and because the conversion of England to Anarchy would give the cause a tremendous boom, the leaders of the Assassination Circle a few years ago decided on effecting their greatest blow in this country."

"You astonish me."

"Yet nothing could be more simple. Their reasons were perfectly sound—from their point of view."

"You mean that they calculated on a splendid advertisement?"

"That was one object. But there

were other reasons for choosing England. It was a good country to work in. No police agents stopped Anarchists at the ports or dogged them in the streets. England is not only the home of the brave and the free, but also the favourite dumping-ground for the off-scourings of Continental back-slums.

"Then," continued Hallam, "the year 1897 presented a wonderful opportunity. The whole world was expected



"Hallam made several smoke-rings before replying."

to be present at the Diamond Jubilee of Her Gracious Majesty, of blessed memory.

"It was in Paris that the plot was hatched," he resumed, as he lit a second pipe with one of his favourite willow splints. "And, as a member of the Assassination Committee, of course I went over to take part in the deliberations."

"It was some twenty years ago that I became master of the secrets of the

dreaded 'Mafia' brotherhood of Italy. I picked up the lingo at Naples, and at the same time was admitted as a promising foreigner. I passed for a German at the time, and, with the Continental secret societies I have maintained that character ever since."

"Why a German?" I asked.  
"Why not an Englishman?"

"Because in the matters with which the 'Mafia' and similar societies deal, Englishmen are rather at a discount. They are not gifted in this direction."

"Anyone who has studied racial characteristics," said Hallam, "will readily concur with my opinion on this point, and, moreover, the whole course of history goes to prove it. An Italian murdered President Carnot in France. An Italian murdered the Empress of Austria in Switzerland. In England we annually average four murders to the million, including infanticides. In Naples the average is a hundred and seventy-four, more than forty-three to one."

He was getting on one of his favourite subjects, that of racial traits, and it was needful to call him off, or there would be no story. I dissembled and remarked:—

"So you went over to Paris to add your quota to the wisdom of the Assassination Committee?"

"Exactly; and let me tell you it was a risky business. Besides myself, the Committee consisted of three Italians, an Austrian, and a Frenchman, one and all cranks of the most dangerous sort. On receiving the usual summons I went over via Dieppe, and, you may be sure, not forgetting my secret coat of mail."

The coat of mail surprised me, and I said so; at the same time asking if it in any way resembled the ball-proof jacket worn by Mr. Parnell to preserve him from the attentions of his fellow-patriots.

"Mine was my own invention, and only designed to save me from surprise, or, at any rate, to diminish my risks. Most nationalities, as you are aware, have their favourite methods of assassination—Italians prefer the knife

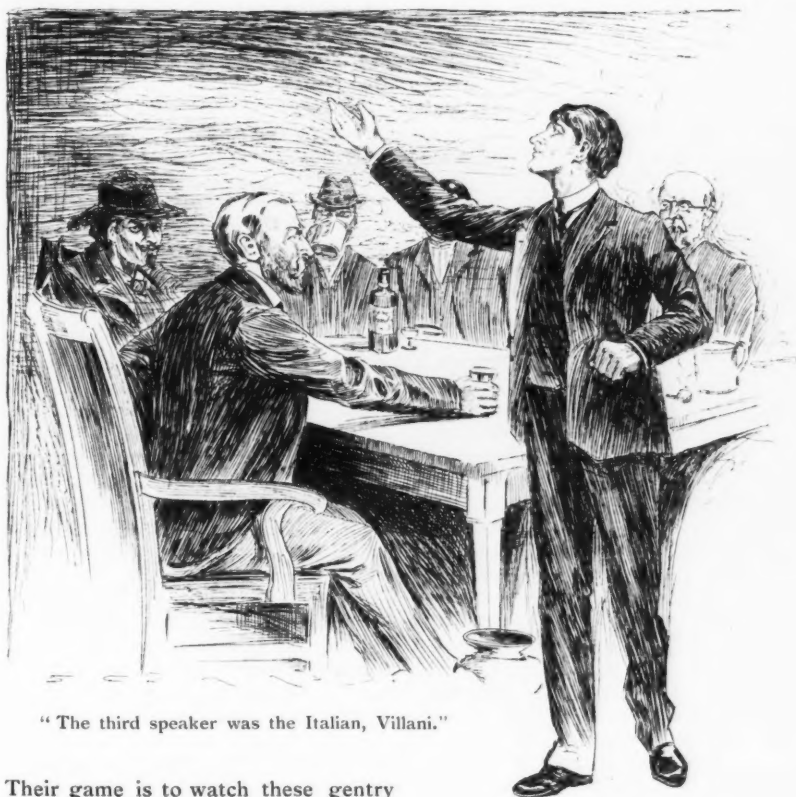
or the stiletto. The odds were, that if by any chance suspicion should be aroused, one of the three Italians would undertake to settle me. So I prepared against the Italian style, or rather styles, for they have their special points of attack, the most popular being a downward stab behind the left shoulder-blade with a view to transfixing the heart. They call this the 'Genoa' method."

"And you provided against that?"

"I had a little arrangement in stout leather lined with steel fitted into the back of my waistcoat, or, rather, I fitted it myself. Then there was the 'Naples' method, which had to be considered. This is a frontal attack, an upward stab under the ribs. A deadly wound this, with the long stiletto of those favoured regions. The point is so fine, and the triangular blade so thin, yet so strong, that the penetration is something fearful. Another bit of armour was worn to meet this, and with a pair of miniature six-shooters in my pockets, I thought that, barring unforeseen circumstances, I might perhaps argue persuasively in the event of any unpleasantness."

"I knew all about the object of the meeting before I left England, and I was also well aware that my influence would probably be supreme by reason of my long residence in London. And, in point of fact, my knowledge of the locality where the deed was to be done, and my immense enthusiasm in the cause, led the chief of the Paris centre to abdicate the position he held by virtue of his office, and to move that I take the chair. I accepted with becoming modesty, and called upon the French head centre, one Duval, to move the main resolution."

"Duval fancied himself as an orator, and though half he said was lost on the Austrian scoundrel and the three Italians, that made no difference to his enjoyment. We were in an upper room of the Rue Blanche, not far from the Moulin Rouge, and he was positively noisy. But sound, as you know, ascends. Still, it was unlikely that we should be disturbed by the police."



"The third speaker was the Italian, Villani."

Their game is to watch these gentry until their schemes ripen, and to seize their prey at the right moment, that is, when damning evidence is to the fore. Any other policy would merely put them on their guard, and enable them at the last hour to outwit the spies who are on their footsteps day and night.

"Duval said that during the whole course of the world's history there had never been such an opportunity as the one that now presented itself. It was estimated that from two to three millions of people would be gathered together in the English capital, in addition to the three or four millions composing its normal population. And if a certain great personage could be 'removed' in the sight of five or six millions of people, as it were, what glory would be ours! How the tyrants of the world would tremble in their

palaces, even though surrounded by guards and giant fortresses! Now, indeed, was the time to strike a blow for liberty, for the universal emancipation of mankind!

"Having proved to the satisfaction of all that the moment was opportune, Duval proceeded to dilate on the glory of the deed, and the immortality awaiting the fortunate hero who should bring the project to a successful conclusion. But though he declared that the assassin of the Great Personage under condemnation would be, in his judgment, the most enviable man in the world, the idea of volunteering his own services did not seem to occur to him. It took him some time to get his oration off his chest, but he sat down at last, his breast heaving, his forehead



damp with the dews of political emotion.

"Herr Egger, the Austrian delegate, rose at once to second the motion, echoing Duval in the vilest French, and like him, denouncing tyrants and governments until the perspiration streamed from his forehead. A very picturesque ruffian this Egger. Under the impression that he had been unjustly dealt with in a suit involving property he had decided to do what in him lay to abolish all Governments. He had travelled far and wide, and had an intimate and brotherly relationship with the rascality of several countries.

"The third speaker was the Italian, Villani, whose name suited him to a hair. He was a genial sort of cut-throat, and once more proved the truth of Shakespeare's remark that a man may smile and smile and be a villain. He had an innocent, almost boyish look, and would have interested any philanthropic lady who might have found him in apparent want.

"This delightful ruffian had a soft, sweet voice that went well with his appearance. He was young, and said to be in high favour with the fair sex, and truth to tell, he was of the pattern that the great majority of average women go crazy about. So very mild and gentle, you know; so silky and soft-spoken! He was eminently practical, and the first that got down to real business. He said that before selecting an agent for the very honorable and noble function in view, it would be well to decide as to the best and surest means of bringing off the coup. Villani was like that fellow in Shakespeare who wants to make assurance doubly sure, and, so far, I was with him, for, as you know, I love thoroughness and the practicality that keeps its eye fixed upon the end in view. In point of intellect Villani was good enough for the service, but if you had strained him a hundred times through a hair sieve you would not have found in him a single grain of human feeling.

"He discussed the history of assassination, and was evidently an enthu-

siast, and one who had read up his subject and thoroughly enjoyed the details. He showed why assassination had failed, and urged that time, place, and circumstances should be thoroughly considered on the present important occasion. Then in regular order he examined the means. Bombs, he said, were admirable in a crowd, but unreliable when the removal of a particular person was desired. He admitted that the case of the Russian Emperor was an exception, but said this was more than counterbalanced by the failure of Orsini and his comrades to compass the 'removal' of the Third Napoleon. No, he hoped his friends the brethren would bear with him, but he had carefully studied the matter, and if the honourable committee should decide on bombs, he felt that the confidence which in such a case was so desirable would be wanting.

"Then there was the knife; the stiletto. Far be it from him to detract from the efficacy of the knife in determined hands. His brethren from Italy knew what could be done with the knife. (Here the other two Italians nodded and smiled approvingly.) Yet the knife had disadvantages, which in the present case promised to be insuperable.

"For instance, the Great Personage would be in a carriage, and, therefore, practically inaccessible. The streets would be hedged with the military, and any lover of humanity who might attempt to break through the cordon and rush upon the moving vehicle would run the risk of being knocked on the head without having effected anything except his own martyrdom.

"Then there was the revolver. Much might be said for the revolver. It was a lovely instrument, and did honour to the heart as well as to the head of the inventor. If fired at a sufficiently short range to make sure of the mark, nothing could well be better. But to use the revolver effectively one needed to be close, for really good pistol shots were rare. A few might, perhaps, be found in America,

and he had even heard of good revolver shooting at the Bisley meeting of rifle volunteers in perfidious Albion. But these experts were not available to the cause, and though a couple of American Presidents had been bowled over by revolvers, the Anarchists could not claim the credit of either removal. Moreover, both were effected by surprise. One President was sitting in the theatre, the other was walking slowly in front of the 'operator.' The Great Personage with whom they hoped to deal would in all probability be whirled along in a carriage. That increased the difficulty of the problem; and, besides, the best revolver shot might lose his nerve at such a trying moment. What then was his proposition; what was the best course to adopt to minimise the chances of failure? If we would give him our attention for a moment longer, he would endeavour not to detain us.

"To achieve great things we required adequate means. Instead of the one 'operator,' he would propose that three be appointed. The many failures the cause had had to deplore arose mainly from the employment of a single individual, who in the supreme moment lost his head without having a supporter at hand to correct his error.

"He proposed three 'operators.' Now for the means, and he would ask us to notice that the choice of means limited the number of 'operators' available. Anybody could use a knife; but here, as he had shown, the knife was not advisable, and he proposed the repeating rifle. Three ten-shooters in skilful hands ought to make satisfactory work. Rifles could be laid on rests, and the carriage covered from the back or the front, the marksman firing in a straight line with the motion of the vehicle, which could be attacked at a certain spot arranged beforehand. The rifle was better than a revolver in that a modern magazine-gun had ten shots, while the revolver had only six; the rifle had infinitely greater range and penetration; and a hundred men could be found to shoot straight with a rifle for one good with the revolver.

There were some other points, but he felt he had already detained the honourable company long enough, and he would be glad to hear the opinion of the meeting. With this, and a low bow, Villani sat down, smiling and showing his teeth in the most charming way.

"Another Italian named Sosa, succeeded, but only to support Villani, whom he praised as the pride of Italy. He thought the proposition could not be bettered.

"The third Italian, one Damiano, was more critical, yet on the whole approved Villani's well-considered scheme. But where, he asked, were the three riflemen to come from? And would provision be made by which they might have a reasonable chance of escape. It was all very well to talk of immortality. The priests professed to be anxious for immortality, but when they were ill they sent for the doctor, and in every way postponed putting off mortality to the latest possible moment. If escape were probable men would come forward.

"Here the estimable Herr Egger stated that two were already found: a Russian marksman, whose family had suffered severely through devotion to Nihilism, and an Italian gamekeeper who had acquired much skill in the use of firearms, and who through jealousy had 'removed' his wife, and had escaped over the Swiss frontier. The third man would doubtless be found.

"There was my opportunity. I stated what was perfectly true, that since my residence in England I had given much attention to scientific rifle shooting, and that if I were deemed worthy of the honour, I would be only too happy to make a third in the magnificent project before us. I took it that the other two had been sounded, and that, subject to the approbation of the meeting, they would be found ready and willing?

"Villani and Duval assented, and Egger added that more determined 'operators' could not be found on the planet.

"Resuming, I proposed to put

Villani's resolution to the meeting, and if that should be carried, I would retire while they discussed my own worthiness to a share in the most glorious enterprise in the history of Anarchism. This being duly agreed, I left the room—for another, whence by means of a small opening in the wall, deftly covered with wall-paper, I could hear all that was said in my absence. It had been an easy matter to arrange this detail, for during my Anarchist visits to Paris I regularly stayed in the house, which was one of the great lodging-houses of the city.

"As you may guess, I listened with some intensity, for though careless about my election, I wished to note whether my loyalty was suspected, and whether there would be any need for my six-shooters to address the meeting.

"All went well. I was elected, thanked and congratulated. My proposed colleagues were in Paris, and it was resolved that I should be entrusted with funds to purchase Winchester repeating rifles, and that all three should be familiarized with the weapon by a short course of practice. In the fulness of time Villani was to proceed to London, and with me, was to obtain rooms and generally to concert measures for the grand coup. All this was done, and though Anarchists are not famous for the possession of money, the enthusiasm of the few who knew what was in the wind was infectious, and Duval supplied us liberally if not lavishly.

"At last all was ready. My fellow operators arrived in London by different routes, and two rooms which had every advantage were at our disposal. Schoumoff, the Russian enthusiast, was a mild-looking man of five or six and thirty; Vasco, the Italian, had a simple air. Both were harmless in appearance, though with respect to the doctrines of anarchy both were monomaniacs and highly dangerous. Both were ignorant and easily led, and both believed that escape after the deed was amply assured, and that success would be richly rewarded.

"The rooms were on the first floor

of a well-known thoroughfare not far from Temple Bar, and the range did not exceed five yards—if the shots were fired as the carriage passed the house. But we had a better arrangement. Near our window the street made a small curve which would for some twenty yards cause the carriage to approach almost directly towards our position. This would enable us to cover the Great Personage with accuracy, and would avoid the risk attending the merely momentary aim to be obtained as the carriage passed the window. Then we had among us thirty shots as fast as we could pull the trigger, and it was thought that with such an immense concourse of people a few stray bullets might teach the multitude the risks of associating themselves with Royalty, and so convey a salutary lesson and impress the advantages of anarchy. Cabs, driven by friends, were to await us in a quiet back street, which would be deserted at the moment of the 'operation.' I need not trouble you with the details of our plans for a clear course to the next hiding place. Suffice that my forethought extorted the praise of Villani, who was a master of detail."

Here I remarked that the man in the street would wonder why the wretches were not arrested the moment they landed on English soil. Hallam intimated that the reasons were complex, but convincing. The foreign anarchists in London who were in touch, on the arrest of their friends would probably in revenge have done something desperate, and thus a calamity would have been brought about by the very means taken to avert it. Then the whole course of proceeding had been mapped out from first to last, and no foreign Government would have dealt with these scoundrels unless they had been taken red-handed, as it were. These were two only of a hundred details, and I might take it that the Secret Service knew its business. Resuming the narrative, Hallam said:

"We were at our posts at six on the morning of the eventful day, though it was reckoned that nothing would be

done until ten or eleven. At nine we arranged ourselves at our posts, Vasco and I at one window; Schoumoff at the other, which was in a second room. Villani was below, standing patiently on the kerb, by a lamp-post, well in sight of us all, and ready to give the preparatory signal, his position permitting a more distant view than ours. We filled the magazines of the rifles, laid them across the chair-backs which were to serve as rests, and indulged in mild cigarettes and coffee, for my colleagues were temperate men, and regarded themselves as heroes in a noble cause.

"When our dispositions were made, I took up my role of signaller—a role not reckoned on by Villani and his friends. In less than two minutes three gentle knocks came to the locked door. Villani for the moment had left the lamp-post, and the taps were in a certain order, understood in anarchist lodges.

"Vasco looked at me. 'Villani,' I said. He opened, and was instantly secured, while at the same moment I sprang upon Schoumoff, and laid him on his back. Villani, of course, had been arrested below. It was a neat operation, though simple as to the working out."

"What was done with the disappointed operators?"

"They were handed to their respective Governments, with a diplomatic hint that the matter could be kept quiet, and that the men might be dealt with

*for their other crimes.* In such affairs Governments oblige each other. And it was desired that the day of Jubilee should pass without a cloud, without any incident of a regrettable character. You see the idea?"

I said that the Russian and Italian Governments could make their punishments fit the crime attempted as well as the crime accomplished.

"Precisely. Schoumoff, accused of Nihilism, was sent to the mines of Siberia for life, which meant that he was dead to the world. Villani and Vasco were both executed for the murders they had committed. I alone escaped to Paris, to tell the story of our failure. Duval declared that Villani was the traitor, and that he had never really believed in his loyalty. Having no evidence he had held his peace, but instinct had warned him, and so far his instinct had never been at fault. A clever fellow, Duval. Immediately after the Paris meeting he had tried to sell both plot and plotters to the Scotland Yard folks, and his letters, which were handed to me as they arrived, were rather good, his description of myself being very carefully done. I was sorry to hear of his body being found in the Seine a few days after our last meeting, that to which I have just referred. Probably his associates got wind of his correspondence with London. Good night. I shall be sowing peas and broad beans to-morrow morning. Come over and smoke your pipe while I work."



#### EPISODE V.—THE STOLEN SIGNAL BOOK.

WE had spoken of British patriotism, and Hallam concurred with me that though the English when compared with foreigners seemed cold externally, no people in the world were prouder of their country or more determined to preserve its honour before the world at large.

"There are exceptions," he continued, "but the exceptions only prove the rule. There never was a country without its traitors, and, if I remem-

ber aright, there was a Judas among the Twelve Apostles themselves."

I said that my reading of Scripture had left the same impression. He lay back luxuriously and commenced to make smoke-rings. It seems that the peculiar art of the Bonn University student is to make two consecutive smoke-rings, the first large, the second small, and to blow the little one through the big one. To acquire the needful skill takes time, but while the

student is thus engaged he is doing nothing worse, a consideration which contents the authorities.

"It rather depresses one to find that traitors are not unknown in England," resumed Hallam, "yet we cannot complain. Treachery with us is not racial, as in some countries. We have an occasional traitor, just as we have an occasional case of Asiatic cholera. Both are foreign to the country and the climate."

"I suppose that you have investigated cases of treachery more serious than the Woolwich affair."

"Most certainly. For that was not treachery at all. I would rather describe it as tomfoolery. Poor old Peter! Convicted of betraying the secrets of his country to a foreign Power, he left the Court (as it were) without a stain on his character."

"Talking of traitors, what would you do to any one who told you there were traitors in the British navy?"

"Knock him down," I ejaculated.

"Quite right, dear boy—spoken like a Briton. And if you jumped on him afterwards, no doubt a British jury would take a lenient view, and would ascribe it to—"

"Uncontrollable impulses of hysteria," I suggested.

"Just so. And your reference to 'Lucy' reminds me that the dear child played a most important part in the detection of an unfortunate piece of treachery which occurred in connection with the British navy."

"At the moment I was called into this special business, I was so happy that I knew it could not last. I was potting artichokes, and my asparagus beds looked better than I had ever seen them. But ruthless fate was not to be denied; and when my servant appeared at the corner near the celery trench, I bet myself half-a-crown I was about to be sent away for a month. And so it was. Mackie is certainly a good gardener, but—who likes to leave his loved ones in charge of another?"

"This time I saw an Admiralty official who, at first, assumed a tone of superiority so overwhelming that, I

concluded, he thought he was talking to a groom. When I had set him right on this point I learned that a Fleet Signal Book had been stolen from the '*Pelion*' lying off Plymouth, and to this almost incredible fact might be added two others—no one had been arrested, and no one in authority could offer the smallest suggestion as to the direction in which it had disappeared.

"You will understand that the loss of such a book involves consequences of the gravest character. Suppose we were engaged in a naval war and that the enemy had the means of reading our signals, and also of misleading our ships or even decoying them to their destruction. Upon my word, circumstances are conceivable in which our very existence as a nation might depend on the enemy's possession and mastery of our Fleet Signal Book."

I began to see the extreme seriousness of the situation.

"The thing is so important that every such book is heavily bound in lead, and by the standing orders must be placed in a certain spot during battle, so that if needful, it can be sent to the bottom of the sea at a moment's notice. One of these precious repositories of the nation's naval secrets had mysteriously disappeared, and it seemed as though an entire revision and reconstruction of the Code would be necessary; no light matter in a navy like ours. Fancy teaching the whole thing anew, and then finding that the new signal-book had followed the old one!

"Armed with proper credentials, and accompanied by 'Lucy,' I journeyed to Devonshire and went aboard the '*Pelion*' as a country vicar who was a distant relative of the Commander, who despite his misfortune entered into the spirit of the thing, and, I verily believe, at first cast dubious glances on 'Lucy,' whose get-up and demeanour presented a masterpiece of art. As a relative of the Commander she was highly privileged on the '*Pelion*'; as a charming but coy maiden from the country she was still more highly favoured. Susceptible lieutenants made eyes at her,



and I distinctly heard one young rascal declare he would give a day's pay to get a sight of her ankle. Intolerable young rogue! But 'Lucy' was far too modest to allow of such a possibility. Morland knew too much about the expressiveness of people's feet.

"Well, notwithstanding all our efforts, we discovered absolutely nothing. The facts were simple enough. The book had been left on the table of the Commander's cabin while he had gone ashore. On his return it had faded away like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind. Who had taken it? Where was it? Bless me, how easy it is to ask questions! This business threatened to beat us. And the state of things on board, the miserable suspicion everywhere was indeed deplorable.

"We did all we knew for a week, coming and going from our hotel in Devonport, and as rural folks from the Midlands taking the greatest interest in everything and everybody, and diligently comparing notes every evening without being able to suggest to ourselves the shadow of a clue to work upon. We were almost in despair when, once again, the chapter of accidents stood us in good stead.

"One afternoon, just as we were being put ashore at our usual landing-place another boat, dexterously handled by a fine young fellow in boating

costume, approached the steps. With the laudable object of getting in first, our boatman, a jolly tar of the *Pelion* crew, manœuvred to take the inside course, inducing a slight collision, a mere bump of the stranger's craft, though enough to disconcert the oarsman for a moment. He uttered an

exclamation of impatience, an involuntary ejaculation of 'Awkward fellow,' and—he uttered it in French.

"That was all. But as he handed the boat to its owner, whom he addressed in perfect English, I took especial note of his appearance, and afterwards, with 'Lucy,' sauntered in the direction he took until I had located him in his hotel. I felt a strong desire to know more of this expert oarsman, who being to all appearance a genuine John Bull, yet in a moment of annoyance, unconsciously expressed himself in French. Now, during my many sojourns among foreign nations, and elsewhere, I had met with many who spoke excellent English, but who would momentarily forget this accom-

plishment when annoyed or taken unawares. An Englishman who speaks fluent French is apt in the first flush of his anger, when overcharged by a Paris cabman, to drop an English word or two, eh?"

I said that every man preferred to swear in his own dear native tongue.



"Lucy"

"To know all that was known at the stranger's hotel," continued my friend, "was easy enough. Stated seriatim, my information was as follows: He called himself W. J. Thomson, of Liverpool; he was supposed to be in easy circumstances; he had rented two rooms in the hotel for nearly six months; he was fond of boating, and was an expert oar; he was on the water every afternoon, but he did not always row himself; on these lazy days he always hired the same man, one Gubbins, and lastly Mr. Thomson had intimated that he would shortly give up his rooms, and would proceed on an extended tour to Italy and Egypt. Happy dog! So far I could discover no earthly reason why he should have uttered an exclamation in French; nor could I explain to myself the un-English flash of his eye as he used the abusive words. And the name of Thomson excited suspicion. It was so very common-place that it *might* have been chosen for a purpose. I followed up this scent with alacrity.

"Before many days I found that no such person was known in Liverpool. No W. J. Thomson, a skilled yachtsman of independent means and who spoke French, was traceable by my agents in the Mersey city, and I began to rub my hands. Instinct, dear boy, was at work. There is within us a sub-consciousness, an intellectual suggestion, the working of which we do not perceive except by its results, and this it is that convinces us without reason, as it were. Of course, the faculty is more highly developed in some than in others. I flatter myself that mine has a high degree of sensitiveness, and that in many perplexing investigations it has pulled me through. But we are verging on the occult; let us call it instinct, eh!

"We watched Mr. Thomson pretty closely, either from the water-side or the deck of the *Pelion*, and I soon observed that he had altogether given up rowing himself, and that Gubbins was now invariably employed. Decidedly, the dear Gubbins was absorbing some of the interest which proper-

ly belonged to Thomson! Who, and what was the weather-beaten Gubbins, and of what did the two speak so earnestly when far away from shore? For so much I had noted through the excellent naval glass with which 'Lucy' and I, standing on the hospitable deck of the *Pelion*, swept the horizon at all sorts of times. My darling girl was particularly partial to this recreation, and in a few days was familiar with every peculiarity of the favoured Thomson, who, she declared, when talking with Gubbins three or four miles out, would gesticulate like a Frenchman. Just so. But why so much discussion with a mere 'longshore man?' And why discuss at sea? Was it because there are walls ashore and walls have ears?

"Gubbins was soon tabulated. Tall, dark, and sullen; about fifty; shady boat owner; father and grandfather smugglers and worse; betting man down on his luck, his boats mortgaged to the very thwarts. Beautiful!

"When I heard this from 'Lucy,' I exclaimed, in the words of a song once popular, 'Now we shan't be long!' You see my working hypothesis that Thomson had something queer about him was at each step confirmed by the facts which successively came to light. Gubbins was likely to be productive of more soul-stirring information; instinct cried aloud that Gubbins must be worked for all he was worth.

"It was strange, but Lucy, with all her talent, had after all missed the most vital piece of information. In a casual talk with a Devonport man I learned that Gubbins had a son in the navy, somewhere, but whether at home or abroad nobody knew, probably Gubbins himself did not know. He was just the sort that took no notice of their offspring, nor they of him. A son in the navy, had he? Bless my stars! Beautiful once more! And that son—was he by any chance serving on the *Pelion*? Ahem—pardon my 'hollow cough.'

"The Commander was surprised to see me return to the ship that evening, for my talk with the Devonport man

had occurred after my daily visit to the vessel. I asked whether the musical name of Gubbins adorned the ship's books? He answered in the negative. There was no Gubbins; there never had been a Gubbins; and there was no immediate probability that there would ever be a Gubbins—and—what was I going to drink?"

And as Hallam busied himself with the lighting of a fresh pipe of tobacco, I filled up the vacancy by suggesting that the non-existence of the name of Gubbins on the ship's books was rather disappointing, in view of the theory he had probably formed.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. There was a chance that the name might be there. As a matter of detail I went through the process of inquiry, but I should have been surprised to learn that any Gubbins was on the books."

"Why so?"

"Because the old man—the Gubbins at the head of the family—was shady, and, as a 'longshoreman, far too well-known to seafarers generally. A young fellow with a father like that, on entering the navy, would call himself by any other name in preference. He wouldn't want to be asked if he was any relation to old Gubbins of Devonport. No; I was not surprised, nor was I discouraged. For I felt that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and that here was a likely and promising vein to work, while there seemed to be no vestige of a chance in any other direction. Never mind the name; but—was there a genuine Gubbins on board?"

It was great to see Hallam's deep satisfaction as he imbibed the nectar, preparatory to his last and final spell of narrative. I asked him whether he had thought of inquiring into the antecedents of everybody on board with a view to tracing a Gubbins to the *Pelion*. How heartily he laughed at this luminous suggestion!

When he had partially recovered from his unusually severe attack of hilarity, he resumed:

"Not having the resources of the

Empire at my sole disposal, nor yet the space of ten years to spare for the inquiry, I had to try a shorter method. First, I failed to connect the known Gubbins with anyone on the ship. None of the *Pelion's* crew had been seen with him; nor was it known that he had held any communication with the *Pelion*, while it was certain he had never been aboard. The most rigid investigation in this direction left us without any result. No matter; when baulked on one line of march, I try another; if a frontal attack fails to come off I try a flanking movement; if that won't work I try the other flank; if beaten again I recommence. My motto is that of the nigger minstrel: I 'neber gib up.'

"I took a fancy to the sea, and indulged in a regular daily row—with Gubbins, 'Lucy' remaining on shore, with an eye on the interesting Thomson. My boatman was taciturn, also shrewd and suspicious; the greatest care was needed. From the keen, quick glances he threw upon me, I saw that here was a very alert and practical rogue, and one who suspected everybody, and therefore might even suspect the good faith of the Rev. John Cartmail, a person who really existed, and who, as a near relative of my own, had no objection to my using his name. If anyone had looked me up in 'Crockford' they would have found that I held a parish among the Cree Indians, while I could have proved, if needful, that I was absent from my mission on leave. I mention these details to give you a further proof of the thoroughness at which I always aim. The best-laid schemes of mice and men will gang awry without proper attention to detail. Imagine me, then, with Gubbins. And as he hardly spoke, and the smallest attempt at eliciting information would have been fatal, it at first seemed that I lost time, though I gained health by this daily boating. Of course, I never mentioned Thomson, nor did I succeed by the subtlest methods I could devise, in extracting a single allusion to his afternoon customer. The work

was delicate, difficult, and at best uncertain. It was like fishing for trout off London Bridge with a bent pin, no bait, and a fleet of barges on the water.

"The one thing that troubled me most, and aroused doubt as to whether my hunt was not after a will-o'-the-wisp was this: if Thomson were really a member of the French Secret Service, and implicated in the loss of the Signal-Book, why did he continue to hang about Plymouth and Devonport? The Book was clean gone, and, if my surmises were well founded, Thomson ought to have gone with it. But, I argued, a confederate might have taken charge of the Book, while Thomson remained on further business. Assuming the latter supposition to be well founded, the watching of Thomson and his supposed accomplice Gubbins would not be altogether lost time. Meanwhile, I studied Gubbins from a physical point of view, until I knew the turn of his eye, the set of his neck, the swing of his limbs, the contour of his jaw, and, in short, the most minute peculiarities of his personal appearance."

Here I said that the why and the wherefore of all this did not strike me; perhaps I was dull, but surely much less observation would have sufficed for identification, supposing this to be the object in view.

"Both identification; you just blow your weed and bide your time. Don't be impatient, dear boy. You know something of the force of heredity, I suppose?"

I said that the subject was now regarded as of the first importance.

"Recent research has proved to demonstration the immense influence of heredity in determining, not only physical traits, but also mental predispositions. We have long known that the children of a drunken father are more likely than others to be lost through drink. We now know that the children of thieves are likely to have an ingrained inclination to theft, even though removed in infancy from their early surroundings, and the

greatest German scientists go so far as to declare that faith and belief in superstitions are also hereditary. When I had studied my Gubbins sufficiently, I took my research aboard the *Pelion*."

"My dear Hallam," I said, "your drift is quite obvious to the meanest intellect."

Hallam waved his cherry-wood stem as though intimating that we had arrived at a perfect understanding.

"The first day sufficed; the contour of the lower jaw-blade decided me; the man who wore it was a fine fellow physically, but not much liked by his comrades. In other physical characteristics he probably took after the mother, but the Gubbins jaw-bone was enough for me. The Commander knew him as William Gibbons! Gubbins and Gibbons, eh? As the children say, we were getting hot! I asked the Commander whether he had a private cabin where I could rub my hands and smile at my ease. Then, with the Commander's assistance, I set a wee little trap.

"Gibbons was set to some kind of work at his post, and as the Commander and I walked past the spot, I said, as though in the course of conversation 'The real name was Gubbins, I understand.' The start that William Gibbons gave was sufficient, without the inquiring look with which he followed me. Unknown to himself, William Gibbons was from that moment under the closest scrutiny. After this, to discover that on the day on which the Signal-Book was lost, Gibbons had been engaged below, in the vicinity of the Commander's cabin, was not surprising. No doubt others were also there, but what made his case more interesting to me were the facts that his name of Gibbons so closely resembled the name of Gubbins, that his jaw-bone resembled the jaw-bone of Gubbins, and that the latter was in constant communication with a person who called himself Thomson, yet whose native tongue was French, and who did not belong to Liverpool as he claimed.

"At this juncture I determined on a change of plan, and after a touching farewell to my relative commanding the *Pelion*, 'Lucy' and I departed in peace, regretted by all, especially the susceptible lieutenants. We were back in Devonport the same day in the character of tourists from Derbyshire. Dressed in quiet tweeds we did honour to our county. I was W. J. Thomas, Esq., 'Lucy' was my eldest boy. We put up at the hotel favoured by Mr. W. J. Thomson. Our names were much alike, weren't they?"

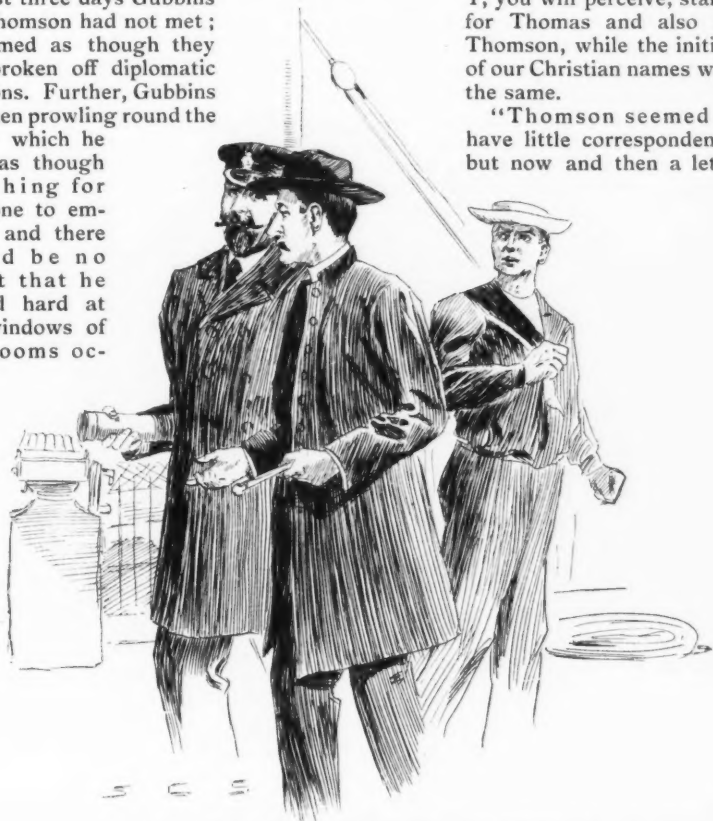
There was no denying the resemblance of the names.

"Such things lead to mistakes, you know. Now I had observed that for the last three days Gubbins and Thomson had not met; it seemed as though they had broken off diplomatic relations. Further, Gubbins had been prowling round the hotel, which he eyed as though watching for someone to emerge, and there could be no doubt that he looked hard at the windows of the rooms oc-

cupied by Thomson. Was Gubbins merely on the lookout for further employment, and if so, why did he not walk into the hotel and ask for Thomson at once? Why this caution, and above all, why this sudden severance of a pair whose intimacy, having regard to the difference in social status, was surprising? And the gesticulation noticed through the telescope, what of that? What was the cause of so much earnestness? Amid all this conjecture experience told me one certainty. If Gubbins wished to communicate with Thomson, and the latter held off, Gubbins would write. How my dear boy watched the T compartment in the hotel letter-rack!

T, you will perceive, stands for Thomas and also for Thomson, while the initials of our Christian names were the same.

"Thomson seemed to have little correspondence, but now and then a letter



"The start that William Gibbons gave was sufficient."



arrived, and sure enough each bore the Liverpool post-mark. But the contents interested me most, for you will be pained to learn that my boy was rather careless, and frequently brought Thomson's letters to my room, where they were examined without our leaving any perceptible trace of the operation—and promptly returned to the rack. If, during their temporary loan they had been missed, the similarity of the names was sufficient explanation. But this did not happen, and my boy (his name was Tom) and I simply waited for the denouement. The letters were in French; they came from a Liverpool agent of the French Secret Service who worked in collusion with Thomson, and they amply confirmed my theories. But the mystery of Thomson's continued stay was explained. Gubbins had the Signal-Book, and was standing out for a thousand against five hundred pounds offered by Thomson. Hence the coolness between them. The Book was in the hands of Gubbins. Should we arrest him or wait? We decided to wait, and our decision proved sound.

"By one of the letters from Liverpool Thomson was authorized to close with Gubbins at once, and to get across the channel in a yacht that would stand off Plymouth harbour to pick him up at a stated time. Of course the young fellow (he turned out to be an officer in the French navy, detailed on special service), was in high spirits, and immediately put himself in communication with Gubbins. Swaggering to the quay, he took a boat as before, and the pair set off over the briny, while 'Tom' and I, from different strategic situations, watched them through excellent telescopes. The voyage was not long; the terms, time and place of meeting, were evidently agreed. This was an anxious time. There was no knowing what course events might take, and I wired to London for Upton.

"He was down in a jiffy, and, also as a tourist, watched at Plymouth for the French yacht, which duly arrived, and which bore the name of *L'Espoir*, which means *Hope*. Ha! ha! After

that we had only to watch Thomson. At midnight, and on Sunday, too, this enterprising personage left the hotel, his luggage having been sent to Calais beforehand, without the Signal-Book, as we had good reason to know. He made for the jetty, Upton, 'Tom' and yours truly on his track. The night was very dark, and there was a strong breeze. Gubbins awaited him in the boat which was to bear him and his precious charge to the yacht, which showed a red light at the mast-head a mile away. The treacherous 'long-shoreman,' having greeted 'Thomson,' entered the boat and proceeded to light a lantern. We crept nearer and nearer in the darkness, 'Tom' well in front. It was now or never. 'Have you got the cash?' Gubbins inquired, and Thomson, answering in low tones, Gubbins held up the lantern as though to light the final act of the transaction before rowing to the yacht. With a spring, 'Tom' bounded from the quay into the boat, alighting on the lantern, Upton and I jumping after with more precaution, and so as to avoid capsizing. For two minutes the affair was lively, but our arrangements were complete. The police were at hand to support our first charge, and the lost Signal-Book was rescued from the grip of Gubbins and borne in triumph to my hotel."

"Did you ever learn," I asked, "how the Book was stolen and got out of ship?"

"Never. But we identified Gibbons as the son of Gubbins, and though no evidence that the two had communicated had transpired, Her Majesty decided to get along in future without the valuable services of William Gibbons. As for Gubbins, his fate was settled by an unlucky crack of the skull received from the baton of a policeman in the struggle. Meningitis set in, and he died in hospital. Mr. Thomson was detained for two days, and then set at liberty for reasons best known to the diplomatists. Thank goodness that so much courtesy exists, otherwise I might now be chained for life in a Russian fortress, or amusing

myself in the lead mines of Siberia with poor Schoumoff, the Anarchist. When the commander of the *Pelion* saw the Signal-Book lying on my bedroom table in charge of Upton and 'my boy Tom,' he actually cried; though hardly anything else in the whole world would have moved him. A model

commander, a splendid fellow, and an honour to the navy. And I tell you that the recovery of that shabby old book fetched him to such an extent that he stood and choked and never spoke a word, while Upton, 'Tom' and I talked together and pretended we didn't notice it."

EPISODES VI AND VII WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY.



## QUALICHIN AND THE CULTUS TRADER.

*By Harold Sands.*

SIWASH JIM serves King Edward. "The Great White Mother sleeps," said he. "Siwash Jim and Chief Dick now take orders from Edward Rex."

It was characteristic of Jim that he placed himself before Chief Dick. Jim is the policeman at the Indian ranch-eree, near Vancouver, and he serves the blue papers headed "Edward Rex," which Chief Dick only signs.

In front of the residence of Siwash Jim is a huge totem pole. In the evening, when he begins to feel lonely, Jim returns to the bosom of his family; in other words he communes with the totem pole, for upon it, in many a fantastic curve, is written the history of his forebears. Jim is not able to transcribe that part of the pole which tells of the family relations previous to the landing of Captain Cook at Nootka in 1778. Whether his ignorance is real or assumed I have not yet been able to fathom, but this much is pretty certain, the history was written in a bloody writing.

One day when Jim was in a particularly good humour, he asked me to come and sit beneath the totem and drink in the glories of the past. I thought it an excellent chance to hear a chapter from the totem pole.

"You would like to hear something of Jim's history," he remarked in answer to my question. "The war

fever is in your blood," he went on, "and you cheer the men who go fight the Boers, so I will tell you the story of the man who levelled his sukwala (gun) at the Hyas Tyee (Sir James Douglas, Governor of Vancouver Island in the fifties) in the days of my father.

"Your Douglas was made Hyas Tyee over all the land by the Great Mother who sleeps at Windsor, over there beyond the mountains where the railway runs. My father was then chief of the Cowichins.

"There came among us a white trader. He was peshak (bad) at heart. We called him cultus, which in your way of speaking, is worthless. He sought to exchange firewater for furs. One of our young braves had a valuable otter skin which the white man wanted. But Qualichin did not love whiskey and he intended the skin for Mowasa, a beauty of the tribe.

"One night, while Qualichin was sleeping, the trader came to his tent to steal the skin. Qualichin awoke just as the cultus man was escaping. He cried to him to stop, but the white man ran on, so Qualichin shot him. How could he help it if the man was shot in the back? The white man was running away. We tended to the wound and cured the trader, but he brought evil upon us by reporting all manner

of bad things to the Hyas Tyee at Victoria.

"The great Governor believed the tales of the trader and he came up the coast in a Queen's ship. When at Saanich, he sent for my father.

"'Cowichin,' said he, 'you have a young man in your tribe whose hands are stained with the blood of a white trader. You must give him up for trial at Victoria.'

"My father was overcome with grief. He knew that the trader was a liar, but he knew also that the Sons of the Mother stand by each other through good and ill.

"'We are the servants of the great White Mother,' he answered, 'but the white trader must have lied to you.' And he drew himself up as if naught but truth was spoken by one of our tribe." (Jim told me in strict confidence that there were some rogues among the Cowichins as among the Songhees, their natural enemies.)

"My father," continued Jim, "told the Governor that the trader came as a thief to steal, and that Qualichin shot to save his property.

"'He must be given up to justice,' replied the Governor. 'I myself will take him to Victoria and see that he has fair trial.

"My father sighed. He was well aware that Qualichin would never come back from Victoria without the mark of the skookum house (prison) upon him. He asked for time to consider.

"The White Tyee was always fair to his opponents and he granted the request. That night there was a great talk among the Cowichins. The young among the tribe were for a fight, but the elders pointed out that there were guns on the Queen's ship in the bay and men in blue and leggings who never missed when they shot.

"Qualichin ended the talk by saying: 'I shall give myself up to the White Chief in the morning, but to-night I would be with Mowasa.'

"The morning dawned and the Governor appeared.

"'Cowichin,' he commanded, and

there was that in his voice which made even my father tremble, 'bring out your prisoner.'

"But the spirit of our ancestors was with my father yet. He looked at the Governor, and there was grief and lofty purpose in his kindly eye.

"The men from the war vessel were as stones of blue.

"'Do not ask it, Governor,' he replied. 'I cannot give him up.'

"The Governor lifted his hand and the stone monuments took on life. They marched in front of us and stood with guns ready at the shoulder.

"Our tribe had weapons, we outnumbered the men from the ship. But what was our skill to theirs, our discipline to the machine! (Jim was there in the spirit as he was telling me the story). For a few moments it looked as if Cowichin river was to run red, when Qualichin stepped forward. The light of the mad was in his eye. He held a Hudson Bay gun in his hand. Mowasa was nowhere to be seen.

"'I will go to the White Chief,' he said.

"He walked slowly towards Governor Douglas. Half way he got, then quick as a flash he raised his weapon and pointed it at the Tyee. He pulled the trigger. The gun missed fire.

"Governor Douglas made no sign. He was a brave man. But my father was as one who was mad. Treachery of the kind was unworthy the Cowichins. Better a year in the skookum house than that.

"He ordered Qualichin to be seized in order that he might be bound and handed over to the ship's men. The White Chief stood by calmly. It was as if he was in the fort at Victoria under the protection of the guns of the Great Mother.

"Qualichin was bound, and my father himself handed him over to the whites for trial. Treachery deserved death and Qualichin was hanged to a tree in front of the whole tribe.

"The maidens went to comfort Mowasa. They found her in Qualichin's tent with Qualichin's hunting knife in her heart."

## CHARLIE—CIRCUS USHER.

*By Graham Douglas.*

"NO-O circus without peanuts, popcorn and chewing gum! Peanuts, sir? Popcorn? Chewing gum?"

Over and over the strident voice gave out its cry, growing huskier and huskier with each turn, till, finally dying down to a whisper, the owner gave up the attempt in despair, and, leaning against one of the tent supports, awaited the time when help or voice should come to him.

The people streamed into the hot tent, defiling right and left according to their red or blue tickets; the band blared out its discordant notes; the blue unreserved gave themselves up to noisy criticism of the band and entering crowd. Above all, came the shouts of the perspiring ushers: "Here you are, sir! Two good seats here. This way for red tickets and reserved seats!"

There was a lull at the far end and one of the red-coated ushers, a tall, fair-headed fellow, with square-set shoulders, came slowly along the aisle to meet the advancing people.

"Here, Charlie, give us a call, will you? This blamed voice of mine's gone dead again."

So Charlie, good-naturedly, raised a strong young voice in the cry of "No circus without peanuts, popcorn and chewing gum!" that caught the crowd's attention, and elicited a grateful "You're a good sort!" from the peanut man as he departed to fill the orders of the uplifted hands. It caught the attention, too, of an elderly gentleman who was holding out red tickets to another usher at that moment.

"Great voice that, for a circus usher, eh, Mary?" he said, turning to his wife, as the man took the proffered tickets and started down the rope in search of three good seats. "Why, Gwen," to the girl following, "not faint already, are you?"

"Oh, Uncle Jo—let me past—quickly—quickly! It's Charlie! I must speak to him!" And before either uncle or aunt could recover from their amazement, a figure with face and dress almost equally white sped past them, uttering a breathless "Charlie" as she reached the owner of the voice.

"Gwen!"—with face as white as hers—"you here—I—" Then followed a pause which gave Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong time to reach their excited niece. Charlie was the first to recover his self-possession and calling to a man in the upper row, "Got three seats there, Curly? Take these people, please," slipped away in the crowd before Gwen could protest.

"Well, Gwen," Mr. Armstrong's feelings were evidently pretty evenly divided between indignation and curiosity, "is this the sort of place you usually look for your friends in?"

But Gwen was too excited to heed anything. "It's Charlie Givens," she explained as she was led off to her seat, "and I must speak to him again." Then Mrs. Armstrong, seeing the intention of another raid in the girl's eyes, grasped her firmly by the arm.

"Not now, dear," she said kindly. "Come, sit down and tell us all about it, and your uncle will look him up for you afterwards."

So Gwen sat down and explained the matter rather incoherently.

"Last year—oh, don't you remember, Aunt Mary? I'm sure mother wrote and told you—and he was expelled from college—and it wasn't true, not a word of it, but his father believed it all and was dreadfully angry—so Charlie went away. Then when they found it out—that it wasn't true, I mean—we—they, that is, couldn't find him anywhere. So now he doesn't know it's all right, so I must speak to

him again and tell him—you understand, don't you, Aunt Mary?"

Both aunt and uncle smiled and thought they understood—even more than had been told to them.

"We'll get him all right," Mr. Armstrong assured her. "If he doesn't show up again to-night, I'll come round and see him in the morning. No, by Jove, they'll be gone by the morning, won't they!"

The performance went on—merrily enough, to judge by the laughter and applause that sounded through the tent. Beautiful ladies with flaxen hair and abbreviated skirts jumped through hoops and over ropes, alighting with marvellous ease on cantering horses; seals smoked; clowns tumbled and made their time-honoured jokes—all the delights of a circus were set forth, but to the girl sitting in the upper row the whole thing was comprised of a few red-coated ushers, and, alas!—not a fair man amongst them. Evidently he was determined not to let himself be seen again.

The final item on the programme—the chariot race. Poor Gwen's last hope was almost gone. The crowd surged forward to see the start, covering the track, while at either side police and attendants strove to keep them back.

"Look, Gwen, 's that him? Over there to the left keeping the crowd back," Then as Gwen rose to her feet, he added quickly, "Here, I'll go with you."

"No, uncle—thank you! I'd rather go alone. You see if you come, he'll go away before we get there. If I go by myself he'll have to come and help me through that mob."

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong watched the white figure going through the crowd with anxious eyes. If he should not see her—but he did, and Gwen's prophecy proved correct.

This time she said the right thing first.

"Charlie, you must come home. It's all right—your father knows—everybody knows, and we've hunted for you everywhere."

"Gwen—oh, Gwen!"

"You will come, won't you? I'm going to-morrow—by the nine express."

A crowded circus tent is not the best place in the world for making love. But volumes can be expressed sometimes in one sentence, and Gwen was satisfied with the gleam in Charlie's eyes and the few words spoken.

"Sweetheart!—To-morrow, by the nine express."



## WOMAN'S SPHERE AT CHRISTMAS.

*Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.*

### LOOKING AHEAD.

THIS is the time of year when women are looking ahead. Christmas brings great responsibilities to maidens and mothers. The young girl with her small wages, or her small allowance, must make up for this smallness by the deftness of her hands and the ingenuity of her mind. She must plan and work. Pincushions, doilies, embroidered slippers and suspenders have served their purpose; she

must think of something new. The articles she made or bought last year must not be duplicated. To prevent sameness she must study the tastes of those whom she delights to honour. Some of her friends love fancy-work; she makes it for them. Some of them prefer books; she must select these carefully. Some prefer ornaments; she strives to secure some tasty and inexpensive novelty which will appeal to them.



To the matron comes even greater responsibility, for she must consider her husband's social responsibility as well as her own. He will supply the cash; she must perform the greater task of selection. To this she applies all her tact and resource. The children must get not only what will amuse them, but what will benefit them. She gently probes into their inmost minds to discover the great desire. Or if they are younger, she will invite them to write a letter to Santa Claus asking what they will. For weeks previous to Christmas she haunts the stores where novelties are displayed; she studies the catalogues and advertisements; she goes about at all times with her eyes and ears open for suggestions.

And this task is a loving one if love is put into it. There should be no worry about it, though there often is. The maid or woman who repines because she cannot purchase the quality of article which she desires to present to those whom she loves and admires is unjust to them and to herself. This is a form of ambition which must be held carefully in check. It ranks with extravagance in dress, is as unreasonable and as foolish. The woman who expends more on Christmas presents than she can afford is unfair to herself and to her friends. If a present means anything it is because of the love, the gratitude or the respect behind it. If it represents nothing but a full purse and an ostentatious mind, it must fail in its purpose.

What are the articles we value most? Search a man's den, or the woman's favourite mantelpiece for that which is to him or to her the object of greatest veneration, and it may be only an old photograph, a pressed flower on a card, a small china figure, an oddity in bronze, or some peculiar piece of handicraft. At an auction sale the object might not bring two cents. A new occupant of the room might throw it away as rubbish. But to him who knows, or to her who feels, it is a sacred relic. It has a halo which none other may see.

Unfortunately, there are those, even in this favoured land, whose looking ahead is not of a pleasant character. It may have been an unfortunate year for the husband, and the financial outlook is dim. The hand of fate may have robbed the home-circle of its greatest joy; some bright life may have been laid away beneath the weeping willows of the silent village or beneath the sterile sands of an alien continent. To those that have heavy hearts, the season cannot be all gaiety. But there is thus a greater responsibility on those whose homes are filled with thanksgiving. The latter must cheer the former with sympathy and kindness. The poor, the penitent, the sorrow-stricken we have with us always. To those let our love and thoughts go out at this looking-ahead time, for inasmuch as you have remembered one of the least of these, you have sown one more seed of the eternal flower. A.

#### CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Many homes have no Christmas decorations, and this is really a great pity. In Toronto one may go down to the market and purchase a six-foot spruce Christmas tree for 35 cents. In the smaller town or village a Christmas tree is not so expensive. But every home should have one. Presents arranged upon it come from it to the recipient with an additional flavour. Presents without a tree are like venison steaks without currant jelly—rather dry and tasteless. A few small flags and a half-dozen tinsel ornaments are a good investment.

A Christmas tree expresses in a tangible form the "Christmas" idea of the gift. Presents are often given and received. A Christmas day is like any other winter day. If there is no tree, no pine or holly decorations about the rooms and halls, no sprig of holly on the turkey and the plum pudding, then the day is not a Christmas day and the feast not a Christmas feast.

Presents may wear out, be lost or broken and disappear; only the senti-

ment lives. The Christmas tree, the holly, the special decorations—these make the sentiment. When the clock strikes the hour of midnight on Christmas Eve Old Santa Claus should carry a Christmas tree into every Canadian home, and proceed to decorate it. When the fated morning appears it will be a source of delight to childish eyes, a source of inspiration to the devout, and a memory-stirring thing of beauty to those of us who are on the farther side of life's course.

The homes of Manitoba and the Northwest should this year have in a conspicuous place a sheaf of wheat. Christmas is a day of thanksgiving also, and the West, which has been blessed with a magnificent wheat harvest, should offer thanks for the bounty vouchsafed to it.

When the mysteries and the smuggling of the month are over, and the Christmas gifts are revealed, let it be with mirth and gladness, and with all the exhibition of childish sentimentality which is possible. The staid, sober, reasonable Christmas conduct should be kept for the other fifty-two Sabbaths of the year.

N.

#### CHRISTMAS BOX ON YOU.

I remember well, when a small child, how my cheery old grandmother would come around to the house on Christmas morning with her shawl covering a capacious and mysterious basket. And how we watched for her! She was seventy or more, and her skin wrinkled yellow on her face, but her eyes were as bright as ours. She would come in through the backyard so that we wouldn't see her too soon; enter quietly by the rear, and cry out: "Christmas box on you all!" and then she declared that we each owed her a Christmas box. She didn't often get one, but by-and-by she would bring out her own little gifts and distribute them. The dear old lady hadn't much to give us, but whether it was a tin horse or a cup-and-saucer, it was given with a grace which would have become the donor of diamonds and pearls.

She and her bread-winner had come to Canada when it took six weeks to cross the Atlantic, had invaded Western Ontario when the train that ran a few miles near Albany was the only one on the continent, had hewn out a farm in the Huron tract, helped to lay the foundation of Canada's agricultural greatness, had not heard an opera, nor seen an electric street car, but oh! the wealth of love and brightness in her eyes! And having distributed her presents she would take off her bonnet and put on her best black-lace cap, and stay to dinner. Bless her, she knew how to play with boys and girls even if she were over seventy! Even now, when she is over ninety, and is a great-grandmother several times over, she is still cheery and bright, can play a game of checkers, spin a tin pan on the floor, or pick raisins from the mysterious blue-flamed pan. But I shall never forget the days when she broke in with her hearty

"Christmas Box on You."

C.

#### HER MISSION.

Perhaps it would not be out of place, at a time when woman's sphere is an object for much discussion, to quote Owen Meredith's lines on Lucile. They are, no doubt, familiar to many readers of this page, but the trite phrase, "familiarity breeds contempt," has but a limited application, and may usually be disregarded. Lucile leaves Eugene, on the eve of a battle, with the words, "I go to my work; you to yours," and the poet then moralizes:

..... For her mission, accomplished, is o'er.  
The mission of genius on earth: to uplift,  
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,  
The word, in spite of the world's dull endeavour  
To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it  
forever.  
The mission of genius: to watch and to wait,  
To renew, to redeem, to regenerate.  
The mission of woman on earth: to give  
birth  
To the mercy of heaven descending on earth;  
The mission of woman: permitted to bruise  
The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,  
Through the sorrow and sin of earth's registered  
curse,

The blessing which mitigates all: born to nurse,  
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal  
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucile.

.....No stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some land is gladden'd. No star  
ever rose

And set without influence somewhere. Who knows

What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.



#### WOMEN WORKERS.

The National Council of Women of Canada have undertaken a piece of work which will undoubtedly be of great value to workers of all kinds in Canada in the future. They are now establishing a "Bureau of Information," which they hope to make as thorough and reliable as possible. The means by which this will be carried on in part will be by the appointment of a large number of honorary referees, both ladies and gentlemen, from whom expert information may be obtained through the Bureau upon a vast multitude of subjects. As complete a file as possible of all publications, reports and the like containing information such as may be sought for from the Bureau will be collected by the Corresponding Secretary of the Council, to whom application for such information will be made. A large and representative Committee of Members of the National Council, being the officers thereof and those ladies who were the compilers of the various departments of the Hand Book of Work of Women of Canada, which was published by the Dominion Government for distribution at the Paris, Glasgow and Buffalo Expositions, will have the management of the Bureau. Societies and individuals who become subscribers to the same will be entitled to obtain information without further charge a certain number of times during each year. Otherwise a small fee will be charged to applicants which, of course, will be

increased if the information desired should be of a nature to require much research. All associations and organizations are requested to co-operate by sending to the Secretary, Miss Teresa F. Wilson, 71 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, copies of their reports. It is also intended to appoint honorary referees in districts where no Local Councils yet exist. Such a Bureau of information has been carried on by women workers in England, with headquarters in London, and has proved to be of great value to very many workers and others interested in various endeavours.



A society that does a very great deal of practical good with a minimum of machinery is the Needlework Guild of Canada, which ought indeed to have a branch in every place in the Dominion. The founder of this Guild is Lady Wolverton, in England, where many branches exist. So far only one branch has been formed in Canada, I understand, but this branch has more than justified its existence. The plan of work is this: a president and five vice-presidents are appointed. The president pays an annual fee of 50 cents, and the vice-presidents pay 25 cents annually towards the working expenses, and the object of the organization is to provide warm new clothing for hospitals, homes and charitable institutions. Each president has to get five vice-presidents, and ten or more associates, and each vice-president has to get ten associates, and the duty of each is to provide two new garments annually in November, when the whole is sent through each vice-president to a place appointed for the distribution. In this way, and with comparatively little trouble, no less than 132 new articles of warm clothing are secured as welcome gifts for the poor before the winter sets in. Any one desiring fuller information of this excellent association may obtain it from Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Deer Park, Ont.

E. C.

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE municipal election in New York has been unquestionably one of the world-wide events of the past month. Why a domestic matter of that kind should assume such importance may require explanation, but it is an explanation not far to seek. The world was not watching who would win the mayoralty contest there; it was watching an experiment in democracy of an instructively elementary character and on an unusually large scale. Experiments in democracy are so frequently complicated with disturbing circumstances that we can seldom be sure what the factors are in the results we attain. The value of this New York election in giving us a hint of the ideals and tendencies of the many-headed Demos can scarcely be exaggerated. Seldom is it that an electorate has placed before it so clear-cut a choice between right and wrong. It is true that the gentleman for whom Tammany's votes were cast is a citizen of unexceptionable character and large ability, and it can only be regretted that he should have allowed his personality to somewhat disturb the otherwise perfect simplicity of this political problem. That he disturbed it somewhat may well be believed. Could we have substituted for this ingredient the pure essence of Tammanyism in the shape of Boss Croker himself we should have had a vote on the simple question: Are you in favour of good or evil; corruption or honesty?

But even under the mask of a good citizen's high reputation the electorate discerned its enemy and struck him down for a time at least. That grown men recorded their preference for Tammany, or rather for

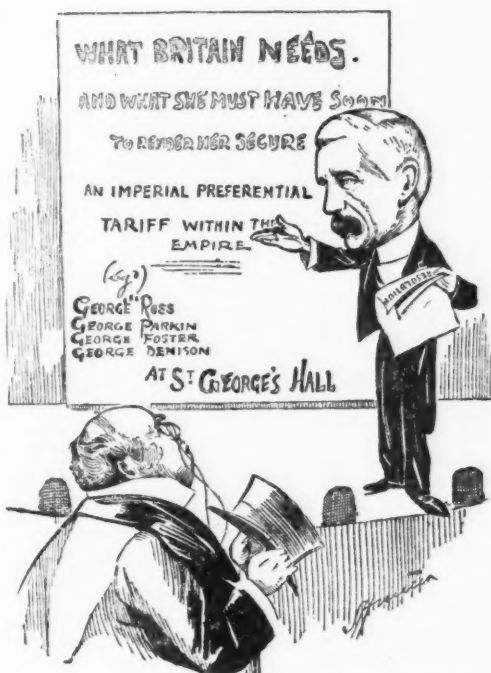
the candidate that Tammany supported, is not so disappointing when we remember the fetish of party, the respectability of the candidate and the identification of municipal reform in the minds of some people with vexatious puritanical restrictions. The great point is, that a majority of the manhood of the greatest city in the western hemisphere and the second greatest city in the world has declared for decent government. It was the interest felt in it as a test of the tendency and fruits of universal suffrage that attracted the attention of people over half the globe. The fear is expressed that now as before the reforming zeal will exhaust itself in this supreme effort to strike down corruption in its various forms. The crooked politician never sleeps. With him preying on the body corporate is a calling. Compared with his hunger for office the public's taste for decent government is fitful and weak.

Perhaps one of the chief faults of democratic communities is the begrudging way in which they confer their rewards. The idea prevails that the man elected to office is under obligation to those who choose him. If a strong, earnest, faithful, zealous man accepts a position at the hands of his fellow-citizens it is they who are under obligation to him, not *vice versa*. If he does his duty he fights their battles and defends their interests against the rapacious who are sure to be found wherever public funds are being expended. For their sake he incurs the hatred of every species of harpy that haunts the corridors of city halls, legislatures and administrative offices—wherever, indeed, the public's business

is being transacted. The elector, quite oblivious of all this, regards the office as something to be handed round as a reward for popularity. If a Turgot were elected to the mayoralty of a city the electors would regard a proposition to give him more than the usual term as selfish or covetous on his part. The idea in many quarters, in fact, is that it does not matter who is in public office, and the question is not how well has he performed his duties, but how long has he held it. In no part of the world is this idea more prevalent than in the United States. So universally is it accepted that a President shall not serve more than two terms that it may be regarded as almost part of the constitution. In that high office, involving as it does control of the army, there may be good grounds for giving no man the notion that he is a permanency, but the same reason does not apply to such an office as the mayoralty of a city, and yet when the constitution of Greater New York was fixed it was provided that the Mayor was not eligible for a second term. Great talents for the direction of public business are not so frequently found in men that constitutional barriers should be erected in order to prevent the people from retaining them when found.

Mr. Low has had a distinguished career. He inherited wealth, but has not on that account deemed that he was privileged to play himself all his days. On the contrary he has never shirked any duty put upon him. When he assumes the Mayor's chair next January it will not be his first experience of municipal affairs. A number of years ago he was called upon by his

## NEAR SIGHTED



COL. DENISON: "Now, if my friend Bull would just exchange that absurd Piccadilly 'eye glaws,' y'know, for a sensible pair of Imperial specs, he'd see it just as plainly as we do."

MR. BULL: "By George, per'aps you're right!"

—Toronto World.

fellow-citizens of Brooklyn to enter the contest for the mayoralty. The city had been very badly administered and a strong hand was needed at the plough. Mr. Low accepted a nomination and inflicted a memorable defeat on the rings that had the city in their grasp. His administration was eminently successful and Brooklyn has never been in quite such case since. Shortly after this it was felt that Columbia College, New York, needed just such a man as Mr. Low to guide its way. He not only gave his time and his splendid business talents to the upbuilding of the University, but also opened his purse to the great benefit of its endowments. When four





ON THE TAIL OF HIS COAT

KING EDWARD: "Hi, there! Get off my cape!"

—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

years ago the first election for the mayoralty of Greater New York was held he was chosen by the reformers to lead the fight for cleaner government. He was beaten then, but it is characteristic of the man that he tried again and succeeded. A writer in the *Criterion*, who has evidently known Mr. Low since boyhood, endeavours to furnish an answer to the question as to what has given Mr. Low such a hold upon his fellow-citizens, and his answer is that it is because of his general soundness and unvarying sanity. "For many years," this writer says, "Mr. Low has been under most severe tests, in the very fiercest and whitest light, and has always shown himself sane, well-balanced, wholesome, possessed of and by common sense—most uncommon of all senses. . . . Men have come to feel that he has the power to bring things to pass; that he is a safe and consistent leader, never attempting the impossible, never massacring his followers in a forlorn hope, but with line intact at every point, moving steadily and

safely forward to higher and safer ground." The picture which the writer draws of a quiet, unostentatious, conscientious, fireside-keeping and yet fearless and determined citizen, is one that reminds us what time and culture, and the sobriety that often comes of them, may yet do for public life in the United States.

One of the most marked features of international relations in Europe just now is the wave of anti-British feeling that is sweeping over Germany as evidenced by the utterances of the press. Seldom, indeed, is such venom displayed by one country towards another at a period when peace exists between them. The Emperor, on the other hand, ever since his famous telegram to President Kruger, has been exceedingly friendly. He has given indubitable proof that he regards himself as one of the circle of the British royal family. They and he have more than once within the past few months been mutually stricken by the sorrows that perhaps strengthen friendship even more than mutual joys. This attitude appears to have had no influence on the German people, and when it is remembered how cynically Prince Bismarck inspired the press of the Fatherland during his Chancellorship one can only wonder how the attitude of the Emperor and that of the press can be reconciled.

What does the popular hostility in Germany arise from? Some will tell you that it is sympathy with the Boer, who is almost a brother. Is he much nearer a relation than the Englishman himself? It is not likely that the Boer war is the real excitant of the feeling. There is a shrewd notion that the antipathy has its origin in commercial

rivalry. Ever since the close of the Franco-German war the victorious country has set itself to achieve a great place for itself as a commercial power, and it has really made remarkable progress. It has deliberately chosen the direct antithesis of the British trade policy. Her statesmen concluded that the first condition of the growth of industrialism was that in its adolescence, at least, it should be protected from the rude rivalry of outsiders, and in some cases even assisted by bounties. Under these stimulants great apparent progress was made. Germany became, along with the United States, the observed of all observers in the family of commercial nations. Her growing trade statistics were discussed on every hand. Her bounties, especially those on sugar, disorganized the sugar-refining industry in Great Britain and reduced the British West Indies to penury. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer was implored to do something, to retaliate, to save the industries of his country from asphyxiation. The reply from both Liberal and Conservative Chancellors alike was that the people of the United Kingdom would be foolish to object to Germany giving them sugar below the cost of production. Time has shown that the British sugar-refiners did not wholly die out of the land and all the manufacturers who use sugar largely, the candy-makers, jam-makers, biscuit-makers, etc., flourished greatly, and sent their goods to the continent to compete with their rivals who had to pay domestic prices for their raw material.

Well, after all the horn-blowing about the growth and efflorescence of German industry there has recently been some cries of distress. Things are not going on as rapidly as they



JOHN BULL: "Blow me! This isn't a game any longer; it's a habit!"

—The Chicago Record-Herald.

were a few years ago. Works are closing down, workmen are walking about idle, and there is a great cry for enlarged and more profitable markets. On the other hand, Britain whose trade they had undisguisedly set out to secure is in the midst of considerable industrial prosperity. Notwithstanding that she is in the midst of a most costly war, to meet the expenses of which the highest taxation which has been known for years is imposed, the records of trade show an encouraging state of affairs. If you will just imagine two men setting out in life, each professing a code of conduct the exact reverse of the other and consider how A who had failed would feel toward B who had succeeded, you will have some glimpse of the sudden rage against Great Britain that has swept over the German Empire. The Boer war is only an excuse for it. Its real seat is disappointed commercial rivalry. The German should wait. The stagnation in business may be merely temporary. Such checks occur to all countries, at intervals more or less defined, no matter what their fiscal policy may be.

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE sweet-faced, five-year-old maiden standing penitently before her offended mother exclaims: "It is so hard to be good." The world standing before the record

THE SEASON of its 1901 Christmas seasons must echo:

"It is so hard to be good." Will it be the same cry in 2901? Must the world ever suffer the weariness of the treadmill in its endeavour to be good? The millennium of peace, virtue and righteousness seems to be still distant. The world appears to be a place of eternal and ceaseless trial.

It is difficult to refrain from being pessimistic and yet perhaps it would be wrong to submit to a dark view. If an account is being kept, our complacency in the face of evil will no doubt be placed in the debit column with all the other debits due to selfishness and ignorance; while in the credit column is placed the triumphs of our disinterestedness, our virtue, our sacrifice, our nobility and our fearlessness. Each man is struggling for himself and those he loves. As is his struggle so is his reward and theirs. If he desire only this world for himself and them, he and they will be so rewarded. If he desire for them an intellectual, self-sacrificing and virtuous life, he and they will be rewarded with a consciousness of a nobility of life here and a surety of a nobility of life in the future existence. If he prefer the perishing dollars, the glittering tinsel, the vanishing sensuality of life to the cultivation of morality, patience, unselfishness, forbearance and generosity, he has his reward in the present rather than the future. It is not what one is, but what one aims to be; it is not what one has but what one desires that proclaims the inner man.

The real importance of Christmas

Day lies in the power which it has had in centralizing the influences which surround each generation of individuals. The world may be getting better very slowly, but each generation may win immortality only by struggling against the almost inevitable evil. The generation which lies down in sloth and ease will be destroyed here and hereafter; that which fights on and on, knowing that the resisting is right and the yielding wrong, will win the glories which Christmas Day signifies.



The Man of Galilee has certainly been a power in the world. He has been the embodiment of morality, righteousness and religion. Nearly all good men who have since lived have taken Him as their model. But, after all, His influence has not been sufficient to uproot many evils.

Canadian churches still persist in refusing to pay the State for the protection given to their property, for the sewers, the sidewalks, the police, the firemen, and the other advantages. Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, is, so far as the writer is aware, the only exception in Canada. The trustees of that church pay \$800 in voluntary taxes each year.

The Catholic and the Protestant, the Methodist and the Baptist, the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian are at enmity collectively and individually. "Peace on earth and good will towards men" too often means only peace and good will to your particular church and its members. Even in the missionary field, where union and co-operation is most needed and most necessary, there is only competition and unfriendliness.

As is the church, so is the church member. When he finds the church does not love its neighbour as itself, he feels justified in oppressing his

neighbour. When he finds the church is intolerant of opposition, fond of passing glory, eager to amass wealth, anxious to be a great power in society, willing to compromise with the world if it be profitable—he practises the same virtues. In all things temporal and spiritual, the church standards are the standards of the church member. For the lukewarmness of the members, the D.D.'s and bishops are responsible. Their selfishness has prevented the church attaining ideal unselfishness.

So with the rulers of the country. Too often they desire to rule rather than to reform. It is easier. It is more pleasant. The cold rewards of virtue are not to be compared with the lusciousness of inaction. Who is there to thank a politician that laboured to break down our railway chartermonopolizing system? Who would reward him if he fought the express monopoly, the telephone monopoly, the telegraph monopoly, the banking monopoly, the rings of various kinds? He would get no thanks. The aggressive men whose wealth is power would in the end crush him as though he were an empty eggshell. Complacency is an easily-acquired virtue which 1900 Christmas Days have failed to completely unmask.

The immoral stage and the immoral gaming house are still in our midst, and there will be more of them after Christmas Day, 1901, than there were after Christmas Day, 1900. The number of them is increasing steadily. The ballet girl, innocent enough in initial stages, is made to serve sinister purposes. In the city of Victoria she sits in the licensed saloon and gets a percentage on the drinks you buy in her presence. In Toronto and Montreal she does the same in the unlicensed saloons. In British Columbia, gambling houses are run openly; in Toronto and Montreal they are discoverable only to those who are known to be interested.

Christmas Day has not abolished drunkenness, though it has lessened the evils of drinking. It is fast abolishing the bar—that agency which has

brutalized generations of men. The treating system is going with it. It is no longer permissible for a gentleman to lean up against a bar and exchange confidences over a series of drinks. The saloon with tables and chairs, where the odour of privacy and home restricts the excess and the roughness of the joviality, is becoming more popular. With the assistance of the church it would soon be the rule rather than the exception—but the church continues to ask for prohibition because it is easier to ask than to act.

If a broader view be taken, Christmas Day has not abolished war. As selfishness still exists in the individual and in the religious sect, so in the State. Each nation is grasping and intolerant whether it be republic or monarchy, civilized or uncivilized, and the result is war. And not military war only, but tariff wars equally destructive of human life and happiness.

Christmas Day has not abolished slavery. The black man still suffers from his manacles, though they have been lined with the leather of nominal freedom. The working man still suffers from long hours of labour, poor pay, immobility, sluggishness and ignorance. The peasant is still the peasant; royalty is still royalty; aristocracy is still aristocracy; the cardinal at Rome wears a golden shoe-buckle and the Archbishop of Canterbury has a flower-garden which annually costs a fortune to maintain.

Yet in spite of all our faults, there is a steady resistance to evil. Individuals and societies are continually protesting against license and uncharableness. The influence of Christmas Day is always with us. As already stated, if it does not bring the millennium on earth, it brings the millennium to a great number of individuals both here and hereafter. Its influence can be estimated only by using the imagination to discover what the world might have been without it.



Canadian literature has lost a friend in the passing away of Walter E. H.

Massey of Toronto. He was not a litterateur, although he wrote a very fine series of letters to his employees on the occasion of his trip around the world. But he had a keen sense of the value of good literature, and an appreciation of the relation between literature and art on the one hand, and national development on the other. In January, 1896, he founded *Massey's Magazine* to give Canadian readers a popular literary and artistic magazine at a nominal price. For eighteen months he persisted in his attempt to interest Canadians in a ten-cent magazine, and spared neither money nor effort. He gave up the periodical and allowed it to be amalgamated with *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* only when convinced that he had engaged in a hopeless task. The people would not buy a Canadian periodical in preference to United States periodicals in sufficient quantity to guarantee the ultimate success of his undertaking. He had honestly tried and honestly failed. He retired with the hope that the day would come when Canadians would be less shortsighted, and afterwards wished *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* every success in the work which he so heartily approved.

Leaving literature to others he took up different reforms. He gave his time and money to the establishment of sanitariums for those suffering from tuberculosis, and in a dozen different ways endeavoured to use for the good of the people the wealth and opportunity that had been given him.

Mr. Massey was a man, and may have had the weaknesses of men. He may have loved power, large organizations, and the homage which comes to the aggressive prince of industry. Yet his influence was always for good. The educational work of the Methodist Church and Victoria College appealed to him, and he supported it liberally with his time and his wealth. He did not do this to gain a reputation as a

social and religious reformer, but simply in order that no one should say he had not done his part. He was proud of his family name, and desired that its lustré should not be dimmed because of any lack in him.

✧

A young man came to me not long ago and asked me to recommend a course of history reading for his winter evenings. He

READING HISTORY. was a university graduate, and yet felt that his college and his university had given him everything but what he most wanted—an intimate knowledge of his own country. He knew all about the history and growth of Great Britain and the United States, was familiar with Xenophon, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon. The map of Europe was an open book, but of Canada he knew very little. Canadian history is not taught in the public schools, is not taught in the High Schools, and is not studied at the universities. Who is the lecturer on Canadian history at McGill, at Queen's, at Toronto, at Dalhousie? Ever heard the names of these distinguished gentlemen? They do not exist. The lecturer on chemistry, on psychology, on economics, on physics, the professor of history, of literature, of French, of German—all these are known to the public, but there is no man in Canada noted for his lectures on Canadian history.

The books recommended to this enquiring young man who desired to know more of his country's history—and a wiser man might have made a better selection—were: Dent's "History of the Upper Canada Rebellion," 2 vols.; Dent's "Canada Since the Union," 2 vols.; and Pope's "Life of Sir John Macdonald," 2 vols. Here are three magnificent works which give a continuous view of the political development of Canada during the nineteenth century.

John A. Cooper.



## AMONG THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE Christmas book season has become about as notable a feature in Canada as elsewhere. Special editions are now brought out for Canadian readers; our publishers go to no end of trouble in providing books with a Canadian application or interest, and there is produced in our own cities an array of volumes that leave no important taste out of consideration. Cover designs, quite equal to those of London or New York, are now done here, and it is well known to the Christmas bookbuyer that Canadian editions form a large proportion of the volumes on the counters. There is also a distinctly larger demand for prettily bound books, almost *éditions de luxe*. This applies to works by standard authors as well as ephemeral literature. But perhaps the most distinctive phase of the Christmas book season is the variety—fiction, biography, poetry, travel, annuals, booklets, all have their admirers, and the giver of presents has little difficulty in selecting if he knows the taste of the person who is to receive the present. Books are a great factor in our lives to-day, they are almost a part of Christmas cheer.

### SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED.

The purchaser of modern books, in order to get full value from their purchases, should know something of artists and their work. Artists, such as Heming, Keller, Clinedinst, Christy, Clark and Copping, receive from \$50 to \$150 for each drawing. Then each plate will cost from \$10 to \$40. It will thus be seen that publishers are nowadays spending a great deal of money to make their works attractive. "Amos Judd" and "The Right of Way" are illustrated by A. I. Keller, whose work is worthy of a study. "The Ruling Passion," by Vandyke, is embellished with coloured illustrations from the brush of W. Appleton Clark. "The Cavalier," by Cable, and "Wanted:

A Match-maker," by Ford, the latter being a new edition, are illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, whose women rival Gibson's in their majestic bearing. Christy works only in oil yet gets somewhat the same value as Gibson does in pen and ink. Harold Copping's illustrations for "The Young Barbarians" are excellent studies of boy life and are full of action and feeling. "The Outcasts," by Fraser, is well illustrated by Arthur Heming, the Canadian whose animal studies have won him high honour across the border. "The Road to Frontenac" is embellished with the work of Blumenschein who has done justice to the heroic Indians and cavaliers of the French Regime in Canada. "Kim" is uniquely illustrated from plaster modellings by Kipling's father. Coburn's illustrations for "Johnny Courteau," Dr. Drummond's new volume, are magnificent, and it is pleasant to know that this Canadian has no superior in the art of book-illustration. Clinedinst's numerous pen-and-ink etchings and full-page wash-drawings for "David Harum" make this volume one to be prized. "Bird-Life," with its sixty full-page coloured plates, is in different style, but yet noteworthy.

### FOR THE YOUNG.

Children are too often furnished with trashy books, and too often unquestioned about what they read. Two grave faults these, which careful parents should endeavour to avoid. Andrew Lang's fairy books are excellent. So are Clara Dillingham Pierson's, "Among the Pond People" being very attractive. Henty's three new books: "To Herat and Cabul," "With Roberts to Pretoria," and "At the Point of a Bayonet," are unimpeachable. The latter is a story of the British conquest of India; in fact, all three deal with British campaigns. "Kim" is about a boy, but the style

is above the ordinary youth. Ian Maclaren's new story "The Young Barbarians"\* is for both boys and grown-ups, as the following passage from the first chapter will indicate :

"It did not matter that we were fed, by careful parents, with books containing the history of good men who began life with 2s. 11d., and died leaving a quarter of a million, made by selling soft goods and attending church, and with other books relating pathetic anecdotes of boys who died young and, before they died, delighted society with observations of the most edifying character on the shortness of life. We had rather been a horsedealer and kept a stable."

The speaker was a scholar at the Muirtown Seminary, and the hero of the village was a Mr. McGuffie, an owner of racehorses. It was but right that McGuffie, jr., otherwise known as Speug, should be the hero and champion of the young barbarians at the Seminary. Speug and the Barbarians are interesting, amusing and whole-souled boys ; boys of their hands destined to become men of their hands ; boys who had the sterling qualities which would make them real men. It is a story for any boy whose age is between fifteen and seventy-five.

"Galopoff, the Talking Pony,"† by Tudor Jenks, is a small illustrated volume somewhat out of the ordinary. The Pony talks to his two young mistresses and teaches them many lessons while he is engaged in the task of serving them.

Illustrated books for young children are difficult to produce, but there are some good ones. "Jingleman Jack"‡ tells all about the callings and crafts—the plumber, the policeman, the artist, and all the others of us. Two large pages are devoted to each, one containing a rhyme and the other a full page illustration. "History in Rhymes and Jingles,"‡ being for larger children, is done in black instead of colours, but is also very attractive. Though published in the United States, it is edited by an Anglo-Saxon, and

has that judicial attitude which prevents it being offensive.

The same publishers also issue three octavo books entitled "Three Young Ranchmen," "The Prize Watch" and "A Young Inventor's Pluck." They are fair volumes for youths, and equal to the average of boys' books, but no better.

"Mother Goose's Bicycle Tour"\* is an excellent book, although the description of the tour occupies only a few pages. The rest of the collection is the illustrated jingle-story. The most peculiar feature of the book is that these jingles are printed half in English, half in French. For example :

"Où vas-tu, ma belle chérie ?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," said she.

#### NEW BOOKS.

In "The Man from Glengarry,"† Ralph Connor has produced the third and best of his novels. During its appearance serially in one Toronto and one New York paper it has attracted much attention over this continent, and the advance orders placed for copies of the complete book are large beyond precedent in the case of Canadian books. When a Canadian publisher receives such encouragement as to warrant a first edition of 10,000 copies, it betokens almost an epoch in the making of Canadian books. Despite the fact that the novel has thus early achieved the doubtful fame of being in the list of "best selling" books, there is no reason to doubt that its qualities are calculated to please more than the sensation-loving public who cause a great demand for a book one month and drop it the next. There are permanent merits in "The Man from Glengarry," because it is a picturesque even a powerful description of the Highland districts in Eastern Ontario, near half a century ago. It abounds in graphic delineation of rough frontier life, of Scotch customs and traits as seen in Canada, and there are many lively episodes which provide on the

\* Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto : Wm. Briggs, \$1.00 small octavo.

‡ Saalfeld Publishing Co. Pages 9x11 inches, \$1.25 each.

\* Toronto : Wm. Briggs, quarto, \$1.25.

† The Man from Glengarry : A Tale of the Ottawa. By Ralph Connor. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

whole an absorbing narrative. Ralph Connor excels in the pathetic and the serious. His views of religion and the religious life of Scottish Free Churchmen are full of sincere piety and deep feeling. The religious and emotional side of one's nature would have to be greatly hardened by contact with materialism to read unmoved some of the scenes of this book. The author is not strong in humour, and his plot shows no marked originality. But in other respects it is a work of high merit and is certain to give its author, in Canada at least, a place in the front rank of writers.

Last year Mr. Knox Magee, of Toronto, produced "With Ring of Shield" a historical romance of considerable dramatic force, and now we have from the same pen another romance,\* which, if not quite so vivid in some respects as its predecessor, has enough dash and vigour about it to make an absorbing tale. It is based upon the familiar theme of the Restoration period in England. We like Mr. Magee's conception of Charles II who was not nearly so merry as he was immoral, and who was probably not the

\*Mark Everard: A Romance. By Knox Magee. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.



"Nestie was standing in the centre of the large entrance hall"

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE YOUNG BARBARIANS"

chief libertine in a dissolute court. Several gallants of London, acting supposedly for the king, pursue the beautiful daughter of Sir Alfred Heron, a Kentish gentleman, whose house is besieged by more than one lawless company. Mark Everard, a soldier of fortune, is charged by royal warrant with the duty of securing the person of the father, but all his chivalry is aroused on behalf of the daughter. Hence, a perfect carnival of intrigue, fighting,

and carnage. Finally the champion of virtue is seriously wounded, and his subsequent adventures and heroic conduct, related by himself when half-fainting, half-delirious, is an effective piece of writing. Of course all ends happily for the only good person in the story, an unusually fortunate result, one would suppose, in that wicked and disastrous reign.

There is a very entertaining novel in "The Road to Frontenac,"\* by Mr. Merwin, whose name is not familiar to us as a writer, but who has utilized with much skill the abundant material afforded by the stirring times of French



FROM HIS LATEST PHOTO

GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

rule in Canada and the Indian wars. Menard, a French officer, is entrusted with the duty of conveying a party from Quebec to Frontenac. They fall into the hands of the Indians and barely escape with their lives. The councils of the Indians are well described, and one gets a clear idea of the cruelty, treachery and diplomacy of the redmen.

Mary Sifton Pepper, who has been

\*The Road to Frontenac. By Samuel Merwin. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

connected with the translation of "The Jesuit Relations," recently undertaken by a United States publishing house, has used her knowledge and experience to produce a volume of her own. Being a woman, it was natural that she should write of the "Maids and Matrons of New France."\* The Frenchwomen who commenced to arrive soon after the founding of Quebec in 1608, were dominated by strange superstitions, inspired by supernatural visions, but never became slaves to witchcraft as did their New England contemporaries. They were brave, energetic, and in many cases inspired with missionary zeal. Miss Pepper divides her history into four parts: Pioneer Women of Acadia, Pioneer Women of Quebec, Maids of Montreal, and Advent of Carignan Regiment. She describes in detail the lives and adventures of such women as Marguerite de Roberval, Lady de la Tour, Dame Hébert, Madame de Champlain, Jeanne Mance, Jeanne de Ber, Madeleine de Vercheres and the Two Pompadours. The book is cleverly put together, well illustrated and worth possessing.

Elizabeth S. Tucker (Mrs. Tilley, of St. John, N.B.) has written and illustrated a fairy story known as "The Magic Key,"† which mingles the possible and the impossible in a most delightful way. A lonely boy shut up with a magic set of drawers discovers their secret and each drawer gives him a new power. He gives life to all the objects in his room, makes himself invisible, sees his absent friends by expressing a wish, and is able to perform other wonderful feats. It should prove most entertaining to boys and even to grown-ups. Its spirit is wholesome, its basis of knowledge wide, and its style bright and clever. Further, it is pleasant to know that all our Canadian authors have not gone in for philosophy, tragedy and psychic research—that some of them are likely to retain the use of their imaginations.

\* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cloth, \$1.50 net.

† Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cloth, \$1.00 net.

Mr. Parker's "The Right of Way" has been fairly well received in England, though the leading critics are captious. *Literature* rates it equal to the best of his many pictures of French Canadian life, and speaks approvingly of its "wealth of colour." The *Daily Chronicle* is more critical but eulogistic of the "curt, vivid and graphic" manner in which the dramatic episodes are handled. The *Daily Telegraph* finds it unconvincing in that the temperament of the hero hardly justifies the "inevitable tragedy." The *Speaker* labels it "rather melodramatic" but "written with some intellectual vigour and placed in a charming setting." *Punch* is hardly complimentary. A reading of the various reviews, however, shows that Mr. Parker has somewhat baffled the critics by the superiority of his art.

#### THE STUDIO.

Those desiring to keep abreast of the times in art matters continue to find *The Studio* the greatest of art magazines. How the publishers manage to produce so magnificent a monthly for a shilling is a standing wonder. The October 15th issue, for example, contains eight supplemental plates, several of which are apparently each worth the price of the complete issue. Nor is *The Studio* for artists only. Every householder looking for new ideas as in furnishings, furniture, silverware and decorations, will get valuable education, and so will silversmiths, designers, architects and mechanics of the higher grade. There is nothing produced in America which at all rivals *The Studio*, and its circulation in Canada is steadily increasing. Its special winter number will be devoted to modern design in jewellery and fans. (5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London.)

#### ANNUALS.

The *Leisure Hour* contains a serial story by Silas K. Hocking, many descriptive articles, some popular science, and some delicate full-page plates. The *Sunday at Home* has two short serial stories, entitled "Heather's Mistress," by Amy Le Feuvre, and "The Gold That Perisheth," by David Lyall, in addition to much reading of permanent interest. The *Girl's Own* has a mag-



TECUMSEH—A NEW PORTRAIT DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR A NEW EDITION OF MAIR'S POEMS, WITH A SUBSTITUTION OF THE INDIAN DRESS, AS IN LE DRU'S ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE AT VINCENNES IN 1808

nificent plate of Queen Alexandra as a frontispiece and 500 other illustrations. The list of contributors is as full of prominent names as ever, and the annual maintains its high standard of general excellence.

The *Boy's Own* continues to improve with the times. Its coloured plates,



stories of travel, adventures and general matter are all worthy of the highest commendation. This volume still holds its premier position among boys' annuals.

## NOTES.

*Acadiensis* for October (Vol. I, No. 4,) contains "The Indians of Acadia," by D. A. Jack (Editor); "Historic Louisbourg," by C. W. Vernon; "La Valliere of Chignecto," by D. R. Jack; "Charlotte Elizabeth," a forgotten Nova Scotian author, by Mrs. (Judge) Owen; and other interesting features. *Acadiensis* is worthy of perusal and preservation. (\$1.00 per annum; St. John, N.B.)

The Australasian *Review of Reviews* for September contains an account of the Federal Flag competition in which 30,000 designs were submitted. The successful design, selected by five expert judges appointed by the Government, is reproduced on the cover. It is a red ensign with the jack in the corner, with a six-pointed star below, and five stars (the Southern Cross) in the field. The six-pointed star represents the six federated States of Australia. The prize of \$200 was divided among five persons whose designs were practically the same.

Charles Mair's poetry is none too well known to the Canadian public. Every book lover treasures the earliest editions of "Dreamland" and "Tecumseh," and there are among these many who have been chastened and entertained by the noble thoughts in both. But it is rather as a member of the "Canada First Party" that he achieved distinction. He played no unimportant part in 1870 and 1885, and a Government situation in Winnipeg seems too tame an ending for a vigorous and important life. The new edition of his poems, now being issued by William Briggs, should add to the poet's friends and give him his due place among our large family of noble singers.

Books received: "Warwick of the Knobs," by John Uri Lloyd, Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.; "Love Idylls," by S. R. Crockett, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "The Cavalier," by George W. Cable, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "Port Hope Historical Sketches," by W. Arnot Craik, Port Hope: The Williamson Press; "Literature in the Century," by Professor A. B. de Mille, Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.; "The Alien," by F. W. Montresor, Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.; "The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, Toronto: William Briggs; "The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden,"

Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "God Wills It," by William Stearns Davis, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "David Harum," illustrated edition, Toronto: William Briggs; "L'Evolution Economique et Sociale de L'Industrie de la Laine en Angleterre," by Laurent Dechesne, Paris: Larose & Forcel, 22 Rue Soufflot.

The report of the second annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, held in Ottawa last March, has been issued in neat form by the Government Printing Bureau. It contains inter-

esting papers and much valuable information.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, an English writer, who spent a few weeks in Canada last fall, has been receiving congratulations upon her new book, "Mexico as I Saw It." New York and London, Macmillans. Mrs. Tweedie is a charming *reconteur* and any person unfamiliar with Mexico will find in her book a charming description of a country with an interesting past and a promising future.

"A Sportsman's Taxidermy and Photography," by L. H. Smith, a very useful and entertaining little volume, issued by The Sportsmen's Review Pub. Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio.



CHARLES MAIR



# IDLE MOMENTS



## MIXED MORALS.

### THE TWO BUSINESS MEN.

ONCE on a Time two Business Men were Each Confronted with what seemed to be a Fine Chance to Make Money. One Man, being of a Cautious and Prudent Nature, said : " I will not Take Hold of this Matter until I have Carefully Examined it in All its Aspects and Inquired into All its Details." While he was thus Occupied in a Thorough Investigation he Lost his Chance of becoming a Partner in the Project, and as It proved to be a Booming Success, he was Much Chagrined. The Other Man, when he saw a Golden Opportunity Looming Up Before him, Embraced it at once, without a Preliminary Question or Doubt. But alas! after he had Invested all his Fortune in it, the Scheme proved to be Worthless, and he Lost all his Money.

MORALS :—This Fable Teaches that you should Strike While the Iron is Hot and Look Before you Leap.

### THE TWO HUSBANDS.

Once on a Time there were Two Men, each of whom married the Woman of his Choice. One Man devoted all his Energies to Getting Rich. He was so absorbed in Acquiring Wealth that he worked Night and Day to Accomplish his Ends. By this Means he lost his Health, he became a Nervous Wreck, and was so Irritable and Irascible that his Wife Ceased to live with him and Returned to her Parents' House. The Other Man made no Efforts to Earn Money, and after he had Spent his own and his Wife's Fortunes, Poverty Stared them in the Face. Although his Wife had loved him Fondly, she could not Continue her affection toward One who could not Support her, so she left him and returned to her Childhood's Home.

MORALS :—This Fable Teaches that

the Love of Money is the Root of All Evil, and that When Poverty Comes In At the Door, Love Flies Out Of the Window.

### THE ECONOMICAL PAIR.

Once on a Time there was a Man and his Wife who had Different Ideas concerning Family Expenditures. The Man said : " I am Exceedingly Economical ; although I spend Small Sums here and there for Cigars, Wines, Theatre Tickets, and Little Dinners, yet I do not buy me a Yacht or a Villa at Newport." But even with these Praiseworthy Principles, it soon Came About that the Man was Bankrupt. Whereupon he Reproached his Wife, who Answered his Accusations with Surprise. " Me ! My dear !" she exclaimed. " Why, I am Exceedingly Economical. True, I Occasionally buy me a Set of Sables or a Diamond Tiara, but I am Scrupulously Careful about Small Sums ; I Diligently unknot all Strings that come around Parcels, and Save Them, and I use the Backs of Old Envelopes for Scribbling-Paper. Yet, somehow, my Bank-Account is also Exhausted."

MORALS :—This Fable teaches to Take Care of the Pence and the Pounds will Take Care of Themselves, and that we Should Not Be Penny-Wise and Pound-Foolish.—*Selected.*



### HAD AN ATTACHMENT.

An Irish sheriff got a writ to serve on a young widow, and on coming into her presence said : " Madam, I have an attachment for you." " My dear sir," she said, blushing, " your attachment is reciprocated." " You don't understand me. You must proceed to court," said the sheriff. " Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women."

## GRANDMA'S LITTLE JOKE



"Well, the Duchess will soon be home now."

"And won't she have a time darning and patching. Just think, all those four youngsters of hers running wild all summer!"

*Fergus Kyle.*

"Mrs. P—, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting." "The justice waiting! Well, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and besides I'd prefer a priest to do it."—*Selected.*

## RESIGNED TO HIS FATE.

In the early Indiana days, when both judges and attorneys literally "rode the circuit," a newly elected judge, noted for his lack of personal beauty,

was plodding along on horseback between two county seats one fine summer day. Passing through a piece of woods he was suddenly confronted by a hunter, who unslung his squirrel rifle from his shoulder and ordered the horseman to dismount. Somewhat startled by this peremptory command and the fact that the hunter was, if possible, even more deficient in facial symmetry than himself, the jurist began to remonstrate. He was quickly cut short, however, by the remark:

"It's no use talking. I long ago swore that if I ever met a homelier man than I am I'd shoot him on sight."

The judge was quick-witted, and, sizing up the situation, he promptly got off his horse. Folding his arms, he faced his assailant and said:

"If I am any homelier than you are, for heaven's sake shoot, and be quick about it!"

Then came a hearty mutual laugh, and a black bottle, produced from the judge's saddlebags, was duly investigated. After this came

self introductions, and the rising jurist gained an enthusiastic supporter for his future campaigns.—*Selected.*

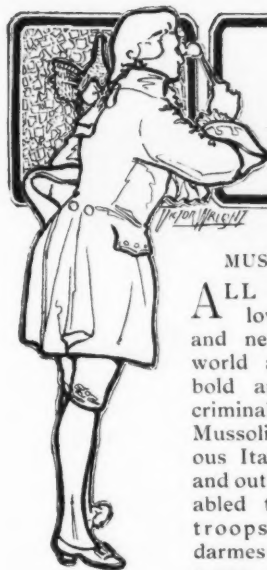
## HIS ALLEGED ERROR.

First Deacon—One of our missionaries is to be tried for heresy.

Second Deacon—Why?

First Deacon—He has denied that looting is orthodox.—*Selected.*





## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### MUSSOLINO.

ALL the world loves a lover and nearly all the world a bandit, a bold and gallant criminal. For years Mussolino, the famous Italian brigand and outlaw, was enabled to defy the troops and gendarmes of Italy because of the sympathy and admiration of the peasants. To them he was a brilliant hero, and whenever he was hard pressed by the authorities, the peasants were ever ready to assist him.

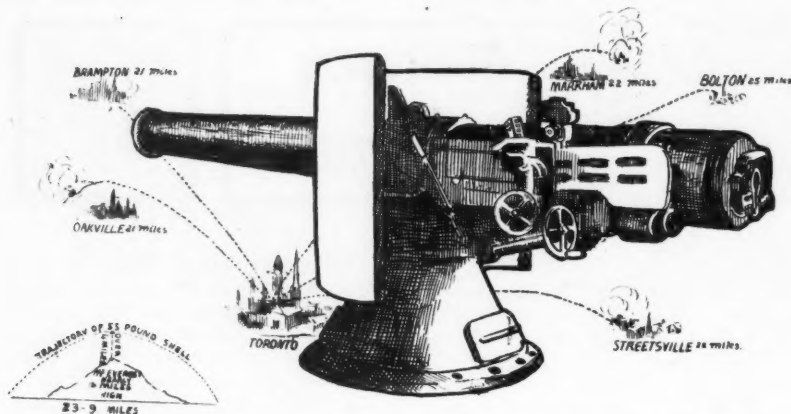
The last time that he was interviewed before his capture, he was handsomely clad in some such garments as in the accompanying picture: a coquettish black velvet jacket, a red scarf about his head, a satin waistcoat ornamented with medals and sacred emblems. His most inspiring attitude is also indicated by the artist, a rifle of beautiful workmanship in his right hand, a gold-budded navy revolver in his left, and an unsheathed knife in his mouth.

Mussolino was born and reared in Calabria, a district in which there is an understanding or sentiment that certain wrongs can be met only with the shedding of human blood. Three years ago he was arrested and tried for shooting a man who had two days previously made an assault upon him. He was convicted and sentenced to twenty-two years' hard labour. Apparently he was not guilty, but was the victim of the wiles

of political rivals. Escaping from prison, he proceeded to cause the death of the judge, prosecutor and adverse witnesses. Before he was captured he had killed twenty-two people. Twenty thousand soldiers hunted for him in vain. These he refused to kill if they came near him, and only once was he reluctantly compelled to kill a gendarme in self-defence. Thieving and thieves he abhorred, and he and his companions not only observed the rights of property themselves, but drove every thief out of the mountainous district through which they roamed. Mussolino broke the law only at one point—he undertook to personally punish his enemies. For his good qualities he is to be admired; for his one bad quality he must be condemned. If men were all Musso-



MUSSOLINO—THE FAMOUS ITALIAN OUTLAW.



A GUN WHICH WILL FIRE EIGHTEEN SHELLS A DISTANCE OF TWENTY-FIVE MILES IN LESS THAN TWO MINUTES.

linos, there would be an end to all civilization. Therefore it is to be hoped that this heroic figure, whose personality and exploits have inspired poems, novels, stories, plays and newspaper articles, will never again appear on that law-governed stage known as the civilized world.

#### THE NEWEST GUN.

The United States authorities, with their usual national ambition, are making a new gun which is to break all records. It will have an extreme range of twenty-five miles. If it were mounted at Toronto it would command a half-dozen of the surrounding villages. Into any one of these villages it could hurl a steel projectile weighing 55 lbs. One such gun would keep invading field-artillery out of any city in America. A battery of twelve or



ORDINARY 5-IN. PROJECTILE AND POWDER CHAMBER COMPARED WITH NEW PROJECTILE.

fifteen pounders would have no chance against it—they would never get within range of the town. Attacking war-vessels would never reach Halifax harbour, if one were stationed there. One at Esquimalt would fully protect Victoria. One on the Island of Orleans would keep an invading fleet out of the St. Lawrence.

It is calculated that it can fire a projectile over the highest mountain; that the highest point in its flight would be 51,853 feet above the firing point. At this highest point the projectile would be ten miles up in the air, or four miles higher than Mount Everest.

Not only does it fire so high and so far, but it fires ten shots a minute. It would fire eighteen shots and have them all in the air before the first one struck the earth twenty-five miles away. Moreover, at the end of the twenty-five miles of flight, the projectile would have sufficient striking force to penetrate five inches of steel.

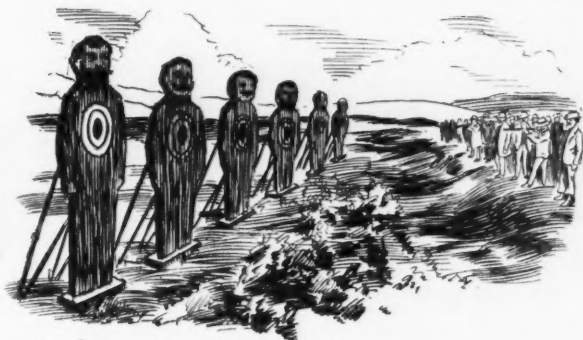
The tube and main body of the new gun are made of curved steel sheets one-seventh of an inch thick and extending the full length of the tube. These sheets are wound round by square steel wire also one-seventh of an inch thick.

Altogether a length of ten miles of this wire is wrapped round the outside



of the tube in order to harness in the enormous energy which will be utilized by the weapon.

The unequalled range and tremendous energy necessary to send a projectile twenty-five miles will be got by having a larger powder chamber, allowing a corresponding greater powder charge, together with the long calibre.



ANARCHISTS PRACTISING SHOOTING AT LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK, DURING PAST SUMMER. THE TARGETS WERE PAINTED ON EFFIGIES REPRESENTING EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS

#### THE FOUNDER OF ANARCHISM.

Who was the founder of anarchism? The "Dictionary of Political Economy," edited by Palgrave, gives the credit to Michael Bakounin, a Russian artillery officer who became disgusted with Russia's repressive measures in Poland, and resigned his commission to study philosophy at Moscow. In 1847 he went to Paris, but was soon expelled from France. In 1849 he was concerned in the insurrection in Dresden, Germany, and condemned to life imprisonment. He was handed over to the Russian authorities and after eight years sent to Siberia. He escaped to Japan, and visited America and Great Britain, finally domiciling himself in Switzerland. At the Peace Congress held at Geneva in 1867, he advocated the abolition of centralized states, and the substitution of voluntary federations of independent communes. He died in 1876.

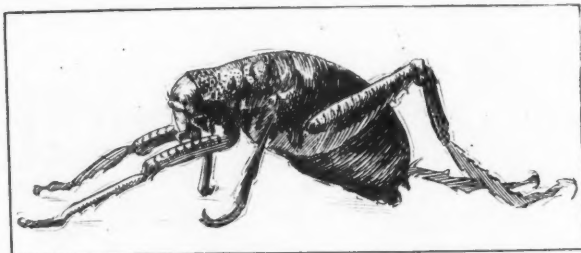
The same authority credits the first use of the term *anarchie* to Joseph Proudhon, a French printer, in his pamphlet "Qu'est-ce que la propriété." Proudhon called himself an anarchist, but disclaimed any faith in chaos. He was really a mutualist, and by *anarchie* he meant the highest and most perfect form of social organization.

Recent newspaper writers give Proud-

hon the credit of founding the school of anarchists, but the credit really belongs to Bakounin. Proudhon used catch-phrases and clap-trap expressions such as "Property is theft" and "God is evil," but in reality he admitted the lawfulness of property and the existence of God. However, the ignorant anarchist has made a bible of Proudhon's writings, which fill thirty-seven volumes, not to mention fourteen volumes of correspondence. His doctrines are only dangerous when held



PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON, PRINTER AND AUTHOR, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN TO CALL HIMSELF AN ANARCHIST



PULEX PONDEROSUS—LESS THAN ONE-HALF LIFE SIZE

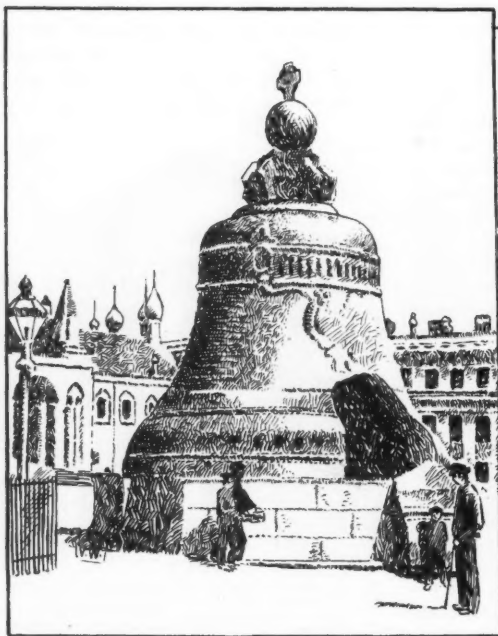
and followed by half-educated men and women.

Proudhon died near Paris in 1865.

The professional anarchist is a loafer and an idler, a gambler and a lover of dark living. Once a year a great anarchist gathering is held on Long Island, New York. The leading sport at the latest gathering there was shooting with rifles at targets made to represent the crowned heads of Europe.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY FLEA.

This marvellous flea (*Pulex Ponderosus*) was captured by an entomologist in Melbourne, Australia, during the early part of May. It is, he says, a new variety of human flea, and belongs to the *Puliadae* family. The pair of spikes at the end of the abdomen are for the purpose of enabling the insect to fix or steady itself when sucking blood. The specimen found is supposed to be a monstrosity.



THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW

#### MOSCOW'S GREAT BELL.

One of the most interesting objects to strangers is the Great Bell of Moscow. It is called the "Tsarkolokol"—the king of bells—and was cast in 1553. The clapper was moved by twenty-four men. On the 19th of June, 1706, the tower in which it was suspended caught fire and it fell to the ground. It was so heated by the flames that, when water was poured upon it, a large chunk dropped out, and it has never been repaired. Its present weight is 444,000 pounds, its height 26 feet, 4 inches, its circumference 67 feet 11 inches, its maximum thickness 2 feet, its diameter at top 8 feet 9 inches on the outside and 6 feet 5 inches on the inside.





A NORTH-WEST COWBOY

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